

PLUCK AND LUCK

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LITTLE ROBERT EMMET; OR, THE WHITE BOYS OF TIPPERARY. *By ALLYN DRAPER.* *And Other Stories.*



"Here's one blow for you, tyrant!" cried Little Robert Emmet, as he dashed at the big officer and dealt him a blow that sent him reeling from his horse; "but you must live to get more!" Colonel Baldwin struck his head in falling.

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Little Robert Emmet OR, THE WHITEBOYS OF TIPPERARY

BY ALLYN DRAPER.

CHAPTER I.—The Picture.

"Heffernan, take down that picture. How dare you have the likeness of such an infernal rebel hanging up there?"

The speaker was a large man over fifty, with a fierce, brutal countenance, and he wore the uniform of a colonel of militia. That picture was a likeness of the famous Robert Emmet, one of Ireland's noblest patriots, who had perished on the scaffold about fifteen years before. The man thus addressed was the landlord of the tavern, and he was a quiet-looking person of forty, about medium height, whose only personal attraction was a pair of merry blue eyes.

"Why, colonel," answered Tom Heffernan, "what harm is the picture doing to any one, and the poor young gentleman dead so long?"

"It will do every harm, you fool! Don't you pretend to be a loyal citizen?"

"To be sure, colonel."

"Then why do you ask such a question, when you know that the spirit provoked by that infernal young rebel is abroad yet? Tom Heffernan, you are my tenant, and I command you to take that picture down and burn it!"

"I want you to know that I paid five shillings for that picture, and I have been offered ten for it within half an hour. Is it fair to ask me to burn it?"

"Who offered to buy it from you?"

"I did, sir."

The person thus answering the question was a young man of small stature, who walked quietly out of the back room and stood before the blustering colonel, who turned to the landlord as he continued:

"I will give you a guinea for the picture."

Colonel Baldwin glared at the young stranger, who wore a loose overcoat, a felt riding hat, and large boots and knee breeches, such as were worn by the gentry at the time. The blustering officer started a little on surveying the young stranger, and he turned and stared up at the picture, muttering aloud:

"Gad, the resemblance is striking! The youngster would pass for the ghost of the dead rebel! Who are you, sir?"

"I am a student, and I am traveling through the country on horseback for pleasure at present."

"What is your name, sirrah?"

"I don't see the right you have to know my name, yet I will tell you. It is Robert Emmet."

"Robert Emmet!" exclaimed the officer. "Then you are a relative of that arch-traitor whose picture hangs up there?"

"I am proud to say that the immortal patriot was related to me, sir."

"Then you confess that you are a rebel also, you young scamp?"

"I am not a young scamp, and I pretend to be a gentleman. If you claim to be such I will demand satisfaction. As to being a rebel, I am a citizen of the United States of America, and a lover of freedom the world over."

Colonel Baldwin snapped his fingers in the youth's face and spat on the floor, crying:

"That for your country! I arrest you in the name of the king, and I will soon tame you as you deserve. Take him, lads!"

Several armed yeomen, who were outside the door of the tavern, then rushed in and seized the youth, who had not a single weapon to defend himself, yet who struggled manfully with his brutal assailants.

"By what right do you dare to arrest me, you cowardly tyrant?" demanded the undaunted little prisoner.

Colonel Baldwin laughed scornfully.

"Then you must know that martial law has been proclaimed here in Tipperary, and I have full power, as a magistrate and a colonel of the yeomen, to arrest and try all suspicious characters. You have acted and spoken like a traitor, and I believe you are a Whiteboy."

The blustering tyrant turned to stare up at the picture over the bar, but it had disappeared.

"Hello, Heffernan," he cried, "what did you do with the picture?"

"On my oath, colonel, I didn't put a hand near the picture."

"Then who took it down?"

"That's more than I can say. There wasn't another soul about, saving the old peddler who sold me the picture this morning."

"Where is he now?"

"I'll be hanged if I know. He was there in the back room when you came in."

"Search for the old rascal, men," cried Colonel Baldwin, "and for the picture also. I'll have it burned at once. Now, young rebel, to deal with you as you deserve."

The little prisoner drew himself up to his full height and glared fearlessly at the petty tyrant, as he answered in brave tones:

"Colonel Baldwin, I warn you that you will suffer for any outrage you offer me."

The tyrant laughed scornfully at the threat.

"I'll make you soon yell for mercy, little puppy!" he cried. "Now, how old are you?"

"I was eighteen on my last birthday."

"Twice eighteen are thirty-six. We will give you two lashes for every year you spent on earth, and that will knock some of the rebel blood out of you. Strip him to the waist, and call in Curley the Cat with his whip."

It was about eight o'clock on a summer's evening, and the tavern was situated at a lonely spot on the outskirts of a straggling village at the foot of the Galtee Mountains. About twenty-five mounted yeomen appeared around the place, and most of them had dismounted when it was announced that Curley the Cat was going to lash a young rebel. The famous Whiteboys had been very active for some weeks back, and Colonel Baldwin was out with his men that evening in search of a band in the neighborhood. Little Robert Emmet had only arrived at the tavern early in the evening, and he was simply traveling through the country on horseback with the view of studying the people and the scenery. The youth noticed the picture of the patriot, and he offered to buy it, but the landlord refused to part with it, saying:

"The old peddler who sold it to me is in the back room there, sir, and he may be able to get you another in the city."

Robert approached the old man, who started on seeing him, as he exclaimed:

"Man alive, if it was night-time I'd swear you were a ghost of the great patriot himself! And who are you at all?"

The youth explained who he was, and the old man informed him in turn that he had fought in Dublin under the great Robert Emmet. Little Robert was still conversing with the old peddler when Colonel Baldwin entered the tavern. The old man slipped out the back way, as if not caring to meet the yeomen, and the youth went out to meet his fate. Curley the Cat was a huge, red-haired yeoman who acted as executioner for the district controlled by Colonel Baldwin. As the red-haired yeoman used the whip with tremendous vigor, he was known as Curley the Cat. The savage rascal grinned with delight as he flung aside his jacket and bared his brawny arms to grasp the whip with nine lashes to commence his congenial work. Having stripped the silent youth, the yeomen tied his hands in front of him and they secured his feet also. He was then placed on the back of another big yeoman, who held the youth's hands under his own neck.

"I'll cry for vengeance to the hour of my death if you dare to touch me with the lash," said the little hero.

"Commence, Curley, and give it him hot and heavy, till we see the color of his rebel blood."

"That I will, sir."

The red-haired brute drew back with the whip upraised, and the cruel lashes fell on the quivering back of the little hero. Several crimson lines appeared on the pure white flesh, yet no groan escaped from the little victim.

"Why don't you call for mercy now, little rebel dog?" cried the brutal colonel. The victim

made no reply, and the blood-stained lashes were raised again.

"Oh, colonel, colonel," cried the landlord, "the poor lad is dead. See, see! His head hangs on one side, and his eyes are closed. The lash broke his proud heart!"

"May the vengeance of Heaven fall on you all!" cried a young girl of seventeen, as she dashed out of a back room and flung a blanket over the victim's bleeding back. "The poor young gent is dead. Oh, ye monsters, ye fiends, ye born devils, it's no wonder the people of the land hate ye all. He's dead!—he's murdered!—the sweet young man who had a smile like an angel. May Heaven blast ye all!"

"Out of the way, girl!" cried the enraged officer, "or you will feel the cat yourself."

"The Whiteboys! The Whiteboys!" cried one of the yeomen guarding the horses. "They are riding down the mountain in force!"

"To horse! To horse!" cried Colonel Baldwin, as he dashed out. "We will deal with the prisoner again, and leave him where he is."

Little Robert Emmet was then stretched on the floor as if dead, with the landlord and his daughter bending over him.

CHAPTER II.—The Whiteboys.

Colonel Baldwin sprang on his horse and dashed out on the road to gaze up the mountain.

"Form quick and retreat!" he cried, "as the rascals are too many for us now."

The yeomen were well mounted, and they rode away through the village at full speed, while down from the mountain dashed over fifty of the Whiteboys, their leader crying:

"Spur for life, boys, as we must save the good young gentleman!"

"The dead image of the great patriot!" cried the old peddler, as he rode down with the leader, "and the villains won't spare him!"

"Then we'll have vengeance for him if he's dead, Mick. There they go, the cowardly dogs, that don't dare face us!"

On reaching the tavern the leader of the Whiteboys cried out:

"Did they take the prisoner, Tom Heffernan?"

"No, they left him for dead in here."

The leader of the Whiteboys gave some orders to his men, and about forty of them dashed away after the yeomen. The others dismounted with their leader, sentinels were posted along the road, and some of the white figures entered the tavern. The leader of the Whiteboys bent down and gazed at the pale face as he exclaimed:

"May I be hung if he isn't the dead image I saw of the great man. How many lashes did the hounds give him, Poll?"

"Only two, but they must have broken his heart entirely."

"Not at all, not at all. Pour some brandy down his throat, and he'll live for vengeance on the tyrants. That's right, Mick, as you know a thing or two."

The last words were addressed to the old fellow, who was bathing the youth's temples with cold water, while the landlord hastened for the liquor. Little Robert Emmet soon drew a long sigh, when he opened his eyes to stare around.

"Thank you, kind friends; you must be the Whiteboys I heard about."

The leader laughed and replied:

"Ye're right, my lad, as we are some of the Whiteboys of Tipperary, but we are friends of yours, you may swear."

"I'll be a Whiteboy after to-night, if I get over the cruel shock."

"Cheer up, my lad, and live for vengeance," said the leader. "What relation are you to the martyr who died in Dublin?"

"He was my cousin."

The old fellow and the leader of the Whiteboys took the sufferer to a bedroom, where they dressed the gashes on his back, and then put on his clothes.

"I wouldn't care to live another day if I didn't hope for vengeance on that wretch," answered the little sufferer. "What may I call you, sir?"

"Faith, but I am known in these parts as Captain Rock, but the English may find out that I had another name if they caught me in these clothes."

Little Robert could not see the face of the leader, and he noticed that he spoke with a strong Irish accent, yet he could perceive that the man was tall and muscular, and that he acted like one accustomed to command. After consulting with the old peddler, Captain Rock turned to the youth again.

"Mr. Emmet," he said, "we'll make you a Whiteboy for the night, and you will come with us, as you will not be safe here."

"Make me what you like, Captain Rock, as that tyrant has made a young demon of me, and you can swear that I will not rest until I have full satisfaction."

The youth and the old peddler were supplied with white frocks and the other disguises, and pistols and pikes were given them. Little Robert Emmet had a splendid black horse in the stable, and the animal was led out. Those of the Whiteboys who had ridden away in pursuit of the yeomen had then returned, and the united band dashed along down into a deep, well-wooded valley, their leader crying aloud:

"Keep in good order, boys, and watch for the yeomen always."

The band drew up at last at the edge of the wood, when the leader drew a whistle and gave a peculiar signal. Then all was silent, Captain Rock and the others listening intently.

"He's coming across the meadow, captain," said one of the Whiteboys, "as I can see the mule moving this way now."

"Then I'll signal again."

The whistle was used again, when a reply was heard in the distance.

"Come aside here with me now, sir," said the leader, as he beckoned to Robert. "Did you notice that old peddler much?"

"I did, and he seems to be a very smart old man, captain."

"You may well say that. Twenty years ago that old man was one of the most famous men in all Ireland."

"Then who is he?"

"I can't tell you until he lets himself be known to you, but I want you to watch him if we are in a fight to-night. Lazy Larry, come here and report to me."

"Coming, coming, captain," answered a big fat lad who just appeared in the wood on an old mule, "and sure I'm in great haste entirely."

"You'll die in haste some day if you don't mind yourself. Now, what's the word?"

"About the yeomen, captain?"

"To be sure, and the colonel. How many of them rode out with him to-night?"

"Not more than twenty, as he took all the others away with him on the gallop to chase the Whiteboys up the Galtees."

"That's fine. But why couldn't you come here without that old mule?"

"Me bones pain me fearful, captain, since Curley the Cat touched me up the other night—and won't I give it to him yet!"

"You won't have the chance if you don't obey me better. Get off that mule and get back with you. When you hear my signal again, dart in among the yeomen and cry out that hundreds of Whiteboys are coming at them from the graveyard behind. Do you mind?"

"To be sure, captain."

"Then away with you, and make them fly to the grove there. We'll do the rest."

The lazy fellow dismounted from the mule and left the wood, Captain Rock turning to Little Robert Emmet again.

"Now, sir," he said, "you'll soon have a chance of striking the first blow at the tyrant who treated you so badly."

CHAPTER III.—The First Blow.

Colonel Baldwin's extensive mansion and out-houses stood well in from the high road running from the village to a large barrack town some ten miles away from the Galtee mountain, and it was about midway between them. When the yeomen retreated from the village before their white enemies they had just five miles to gallop before gaining reinforcements. Then the active officer rode back again at the head of about eighty well-armed troopers.

Colonel Baldwin was a famous rebel hunter in the neighborhood, and he first started that night with his small force to arrest some suspicious characters who recently appeared in the village, the old peddler among others. He did not imagine that the Whiteboys would sally down from the mountain in such force, and hence his hasty retreat. On reaching the village again with the strong body, he rode straight for the tavern and halted in front of it, yelling aloud:

"I say, Heffernan, come out here!"

The landlord had closed the doors, but he soon opened the front one, and answered:

"Well, colonel, and what is it now?"

"Who's in there now?"

"Not a living soul but my girl and myself."

"What has become of the young rebel?"

"The Whiteboys took his body away to the mountain to bury it."

"Which way did they ride?"

"Straight back up the mountain, as far as I can tell."

"Tom, you must put a bridle on your girl's tongue, or I will curb her."

The landlord's merry eyes gleamed with spirit as he answered:

"Colonel, don't you forget that you have a son, and I won't forget that I have a daughter. If I did serve you years ago, I held my tongue. Injure my girl, and I'll speak out, if I died for it thereafter. Don't touch mine, and I won't trouble you; but just remember that if I am your tenant, I am not your slave."

"Where's that old peddler?"

"He's off with himself, but he said he'd be back soon with more pictures of the great Robert Emmet. I'll send him to you, colonel, if you want to burn one of them."

"The Whiteboys, the Whiteboys!" yelled one of the troopers, pointing up the mountain.

Colonel Baldwin looked up, when he saw several horsemen scattered along the mountain side as if watching their movements.

"Forward, and up at the rascals!" he cried, "and remember, men, that there's a hundred pounds for the taking of captain Rock, dead or alive."

The troopers rode up the mountain, and the scattered horsemen retreated before them. While watching the white riders above, Colonel Baldwin was meditating over the threat of the merry-eyed landlord, and muttering to himself:

"That fellow has me in his power, or I would have himself and his daughter lashed to death this very night. Yes, I have a son, and a secret embittering my life. Poor Charles! If you don't recover, as the doctors promised, I will be a miserable man until I die."

The famous rebel hunter had a skeleton in his household in the form of a handsome youth of twenty years, and on whom he lavished all the love that he had to bestow. That youth was a half idiot for years, but two of the ablest doctors in Dublin had promised to restore him to his mental faculties on certain conditions. While the anxious father was riding up the mountain in pursuit of the Whiteboys, his half-demented son was seated in the back parlor of the mansion with a bright young lady of seventeen. The young lady's name was Lucy Farron, and she was related to the half-demented youth, his father being her guardian.

"Do you know, Lucy," said the youth, "that I would like to be a Whiteboy."

"Your father would be awful angry if he heard you talk in that way, Charles."

"Indeed, and he would not, as he is never angry with me now. He had a vile temper long ago, and he used to beat me, but I'm too big for that now, as I can fight Lazy Larry. Yes, I will meet captain Rock, and I'll be a Whiteboy if I feel like it."

The young girl was about to reply, when cries of alarm arose in the yard, and Lazy Larry's voice could be heard yelling:

"The Whiteboys are coming! The whole graveyard is full of them."

The young girl sprang to the front window to look out, and so did the half-crazy youth.

"Let us escape, Charles."

"Too late, young lady!" cried a loud voice, as a tall figure in white appeared at the door, followed by several others. "Whiteboys, do your duty. You are Charles Baldwin, I believe?"

"Yes, I am Charles Baldwin. Now tell me who are you?"

"I am Captain Rock."

"'Pon my honor, I am glad to meet you, Captain Rock, as Lucy there can tell you. Father says you are a scoundrel and a rebel, but I like to hear both sides of the question. Why are you a Whiteboy, sir?"

"Because I was driven out of house and home, those dearest to me were flogged to death before my eyes, and I was banished as a convict from my native land."

"Who was flogged to death, Captain Rock?"

"My own dear boys."

"And who had them flogged?"

"Your own father."

And Captain Rock, in tense and eloquent tones, described the flogging scene at the tavern. The young girl listened with deep attention, and Captain Rock concluded by asking:

"And now, young lady, can you wonder if the young gent from America, if he recovers, should seek satisfaction as a Whiteboy?"

"To be sure he will become a Whiteboy," answered the half-crazy youth, "and so will I. We will fight together and capture Curley the Cat. Give me the uniform and a pike and pistol. Captain Rock, I swear to serve under you to the death."

Charles Baldwin was soon arrayed as a Whiteboy, and he was presented with a pike and a pair of pistols, while the young lady denounced the leader in indignant tones. In the meantime the other members of the band were securing the horses, arms, ammunition, and valuables with all speed. Colonel Baldwin rode up the mountain, only to return again without catching a Whiteboy. He was galloping back through the village at the head of his troop when a mounted yeoman dashed toward him, yelling:

"The Whiteboys have attacked the house, Colonel Baldwin, and they are killing them all. There's over a hundred of them, at least."

Frantic were the orders given by the enraged officer as he set spurs to his horse and dashed along ahead of the others. The furious officer soon outstripped all the troopers, yet he spurred on until the panting steed staggered under him, groaning aloud:

"My boy, my poor demented boy! Oh, how could the fiends think of striking a blow at him!"

The panting steed reached the park near the mansion, his rider listening and gazing toward his dwelling, as if he expected to see the flames bursting therefrom, when the animal stumbled and fell on the side of the road. The furious rider was flung into a deep ditch, just as the mounted Whiteboys dashed out of the grove with their plunder, Captain Rock, Little Robert Emmet and Charles Baldwin riding at their head. Across the road and away to the wood swept the Whiteboys, along the highway dashed the troopers, and Colonel Baldwin dragged himself out of the ditch, groaning aloud.

"He is infamous! The fiends have enticed poor Charles away with them, and they will enroll him as a Whiteboy. Who could think of striking such a blow at me?"

"An old friend, to be sure," answered a voice, as a single horseman rode out of the grove and aimed a pistol at the officer's head. "Walk in here back with me, colonel, or you'll never live to see your son again."

The speaker was the old peddler. The mount-

ed yeomen were then riding across the broad meadow in pursuit of the Whiteboys, and Colonel Baldwin was alone with the mysterious old fellow.

CHAPTER IV.—The Old Peddler.

Colonel Baldwin was quite bewildered as the old peddler presented the pistol and ordered him into the grove.

"Who are you, then, and what do you want with me?" asked the bewildered officer, as he walked into the grove. The old man sprang from his horse and secured the officer's pistols, which he placed in a belt inside his coat as he continued:

"I won't tell you who I am just yet, but I'll tell you what I am going to do."

"You mean to kill me, I suppose?"

"I do not, though you deserve it. Why did you lash that young gentleman?"

"Because he is a rebel, and he was insolent."

"What would you say if your own son was lashed for the same cause?"

"My son is not responsible for his words or actions, and it would be cruel to punish him on my account. I can suffer for my own actions, and I will have a fearful revenge if my son is punished."

"Did you see him, or hear him, as he rode off with the Whiteboys?"

"I did."

"Do you know what that means?"

"I suppose they will try to make him a robber like themselves."

"Maybe so; and maybe they mean to give him a taste of the lash also."

The powerful officer was watching his chance, and he let fly at the old fellow suddenly, striking him a rattling blow between the eyes. The old peddler reeled back against a tree, and his assailant closed on him before he could recover himself or use the pistol.

"You old robber! You confounded rebel! I will lash you and hang you before morning! You thought you could humbug me."

The old fellow had rallied in a vigorous manner, and sharp and effective were the blows dealt back at the strong officer.

"You'll find that I have fight and life in my old bones yet," he replied, as he broke loose from the grasp on him, and dealt the officer a stinging blow on the ear.

Colonel Baldwin reeled in turn, and he called aloud for help as the old fellow struck at him again, saying:

"Twenty years ago I could beat two like you with me fists. Oh, murder!"

The exclamation was caused by the old fellow receiving a stinging blow from behind which stretched him on the ground.

"Bravo, Lucy!" cried the officer, as the young girl stood over the old peddler and pointed a pistol at his head. "Don't shoot the old thief, as he is destined for the gallows."

Three yeomen had followed the girl into the grove, and they seized and bound the helpless old peddler in short order.

"Take him to the house!" cried the colonel, "and I'll soon deal with him. What is this that happened here, Lucy?"

"The Whiteboys attacked the place in large numbers, sir, and they captured the yeomen you left here to guard us."

"Confound it all! And what is this about poor Charles?"

"Captain Rock, as the leading ruffian calls himself, induced poor Charles to join the band, no matter what I could say."

"That is awful! But I'll rescue him very soon and hang the rascals. Did the scoundrels insult you, Lucy?"

"Only by making me a prisoner while they were in the house, sir. What truth is there in the story the robber told us about you lashing a young gent to death in the tavern this evening?"

"Nonsense, girl!" replied the tyrant. "The young scamp only got two cuts of the cat, and he deserved to be put to death for his insolence. He said that his name was, Robert Emmet, and I believe he was a secret agent of the rebels."

"Then he is dead?"

"He can't be, as he was only shamming. We left him at the tavern, and he was taken away to the mountains by the Whiteboys. I hope to have the pleasure of hanging him yet."

"Here are your troopers coming back, sir, and they seem to have met with a repulse."

They had then gained the broad avenue leading to the mansion, where they could perceive the troop of yeomen filing in from the road.

"What has happened, Captain Nelson?" cried the colonel, as an officer rode forward.

"I beg to report, Colonel Baldwin, that the rebels ambushed the troop beyond in Downdaniel Wood, and we suffered severely from their first fire. Their pikemen then charged on us on foot and horseback, and we were forced to retreat after a very sharp contest, leaving the dead and some of the wounded behind."

Colonel Baldwin stamped on the gravel in a fearful manner as the shattered troops filed slowly on to the yard.

"Cowardly poltroons!" he yelled, "to give way before a parcel of beggarly rebels!"

"I beg your pardon, Colonel Baldwin," retorted the defeated officer, "but I assure you that the men fought well, but the rebels had all the advantage of position. Besides, we were fearfully embarrassed in the struggle."

"How was that, Nelson?"

"I regret to have to report that the foremost and fiercest of our assailants was your own son. He wore the Whiteboy disguise, but we recognized his voice when they charged on us."

The father groaned in agony when his eye fell on a white figure on horseback guarded by two of the troopers.

"Good, good!" he exclaimed, as he sprang to the prisoner. "I see you have rescued my dear boy."

"That is not Master Charles, colonel, but a Whiteboy who also fought like a demon against us."

"Then how did you capture the prisoner?"

"He must have been stunned by a blow, as we found him senseless and clinging to the horse's neck when we retreated to the meadow. He has recovered now."

"Then bring him along to the house, and we will deal with the rascal and the old thief. You say the prisoner was desperate in the fray?"

"He was scarcely surpassed by your own son, and we noticed him on account of his size. We have not removed his mask, but you can see that his figure is very boyish."

"We'll soon see who the scamp is, if he belongs around here. Drag him into the courtroom and let the other prisoner appear also, Lucy."

Acting as judge or magistrate, Colonel Baldwin held his court in a large apartment at the back of the first floor. Lucy Farron often acted as a clerk for the tyrant magistrate, and the girl was almost as severe in her opinions as the passionate officer. The captured Whiteboy was dragged into the courtroom with his mask on, and the old peddler was led in soon after. Colonel Baldwin took his place on the bench, and the girl sat near him at a desk.

"Off with that rascal's mask!" cried the judge, in stern tones.

Curley the Cat, who was holding the small prisoner, tore off the white mask, when a deathly pale and youthful face was presented to all.

"Mercy on me!" cried the astonished judge, "if it isn't the little stranger!"

Yes, the prisoner was Little Robert Emmet, looking more like a ghost than a human being.

"More's the pity," cried the old peddler; "but don't despair, Mr. Emmet, as——"

"Silence, you old thief!" thundered the judge. "Now, you little scamp, can you dare deny that you are a Whiteboy and a rebel?"

"I am glad to say that I am now a Whiteboy and a rebel, cruel monster, but the words were almost unknown to me until I became the victim of your tyranny to-night."

"You lie, sirrah, as I am certain that you came here as a secret agent of the rebels."

CHAPTER V.—Captain Rock.

Little Robert Emmet was drawn back, Curley clapping a broad band on his mouth to keep him from replying to the judge. As the old peddler was dragged forward, with his arms tied behind him, he winked at the little hero. The judge scowled at the old prisoner, as he demanded, in fierce tones:

"What is your name?"

"My friends call me Mike or Mick, and I have no other name at present for my enemies," was the old fellow's saucy answer.

"A dozen cuts of the cat may loosen your insolent tongue a little."

"You'll never live to see a cat touching my back, you villain!"

"You will get fifty lashes to-night. I condemn you as a highway robber, and I sentence you to be hung with that young rebel in the morning. Out with him now for punishment, and do your duty, Curley."

Curley advanced to seize the old prisoner, who at once hissed a few words into his ear. The big brute drew back as if he had received a blow, glaring at the old prisoner in a terrified manner, as he exclaimed, in low tones:

"Blood and thunder, can it be you?"

"What is the matter, Curley?" cried the magistrate, as he descended from the bench.

"Nothing at all, your honor, only the old prisoner says Captain Rock will murder me if I flog him."

"But you seem to know the old scamp."

"Not at all; but he says he is Captain Rock himself, and who knows but he is? Murder alive; but I'd be a dead man soon if it's the case, and I to flog him."

"Nonsense, you fool! Take him out and give him fifty lashes at once. I want to hear the old robber yell for mercy."

"That you'll never hear, Colonel Baldwin, and you'll never see me lashed, either!" cried the old prisoner.

"Then who'll save you?"

"Captain Rock!"

"And here I am to do it!" cried the leader of the Whiteboys, as he appeared at a side window and aimed a pistol at the cruel magistrate.

The Whiteboy leader aimed another large pistol at Lucy Farron, as he continued:

"Young lady, you were in my power to-night, and you were treated well, but you will die now if my friends there don't go free with me."

Captain Rock presented a striking figure as he appeared at the open window, and his body could be seen from the waist up. He stood erect in the novel costume, a pair of dark eyes gleaming from out of the white mask, and his long arms extended as he aimed the large pistols at the startled magistrate and the girl. The prisoners were close together at the side of the window, while Curley the Cat stood behind them, with the ugly lash in his right hand; and the fair girl had half risen from the chair at the desk. Suddenly the two prisoners' bonds were mysteriously cut, and Little Robert Emmet darted through the window where the Whiteboy stood, followed by the old peddler. Colonel Baldwin shouted to his men to capture them, but when they got outside the building the three were not to be seen.

Colonel Baldwin was a rich man, and he offered a large reward for the recovery of his son and the capture of Captain Rock. Rewards were also offered for the arrest of the youth calling himself Robert Emmet, as well as for the mysterious old peddler. The Colonel was organizing a powerful body of yeomen for the purpose of seeking his enemies, when he received news from Dublin that called him to that city on very important business. Leaving Captain Nelson in charge of the force guarding the mansion, he set out in the traveling carriage with Lucy and a strong escort of yeomen.

The news received from Dublin was startling in the extreme, as the lawyers there wrote to the effect that a claimant had appeared to the rich estate held in Tipperary for ten years by Colonel Baldwin. The lawyers also stated that a large sum of ready money would be required to fight the legal battle in the courts of Dublin. The agitated land-holder drew all his funds from the bank in the town of Clonmore, and the money was stowed away under the seats of the carriage. The night was closing in when the travelers reached a lonely spot within about five miles of Dublin. Colonel Baldwin looked out of the window and recognized the place.

"Lucy," he said, "did you ever hear of Freeney, the famous Irish highwayman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the scoundrel robbed me on this very spot nearly twenty years ago."

"Was he taken, sir?"

"Not he; but he disappeared from the country soon after."

"Where did he go?"

"It was rumored that he went away to Australia, and I hope he's dead, as I never want to meet the sly rascal again."

At that moment the carriage came to a sudden halt, and a masked horseman appeared at each window, one of them crying:

"Your money or your life, colonel!"

CHAPTER VI.—The Famous Freeney.

Lucy Farron was a young lady with iron nerves and she did not let even a slight scream escape from her as the masked highwayman presented his pistol. Colonel Baldwin gave vent to a fierce imprecation, and made a motion as if to draw a pistol.

"None of that, colonel!" cried the robber near him, as he pressed the pistol to the victim's temple. "Another move, and you are a goner."

"What do you want, rascal?"

"Your money, of course."

"Confound you, you scamp, I have heard your voice before."

"Maybe you have, and you may hear it again afore you die."

"And I'll swear that you are either Old Nick or Michael Freeney."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled the robber. "I'll just show you that you are out in your calculation. Who am I now?"

And the fellow withdrew the mask, the light from the carriage lamp playing on his face.

"The old fellow, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the officer, in amazement.

"Ha, ha, ha! And so you took me for the famous Freeney? Would you sooner meet me or him to-night, colonel?"

"Hang it all, I didn't want to meet either of you!"

"But you'd sooner meet me, if you had the choice, as Freeney was no friend of yours."

While they were thus conversing the carriage had moved from the broad road into a wood, the mounted robbers keeping at the windows. The man guarding Lucy did not utter a word so far. The carriage drew up when within about twenty yards of the road, and a third rider appeared, guarding the two servants, who were disarmed and secured with cords.

"You didn't answer my question," remarked the old fellow, with a wicked grin.

"What question is that, you old hang-dog?"

"I wanted to know if you and Freeney didn't have an old grudge to settle?"

"What's that to you?"

"Only this much: He was a great friend of mine in old times, and I am willing to take the cudgel up for him."

"Was that what you stopped us for to-night?"

"Not altogether. You see, I happened to know that you have no more right to the estate you hold than myself, and we think it's only fair that you should give us some of your ill-gotten gains."

"Then you are baffled, you old scoundrel, as I have only a few pounds and my watch about me."

"Very true; but what's under you?"

The baffled man uttered another fearful imprecation and cried:

"Some rascal at the house has betrayed us, Lucy, and who can it be?"

"Curley the Cat, maybe!" cried the masked highwayman at the other window.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed the young girl, "if it isn't Charles! Oh, you mad boy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Charley, who was playing the part of a highwayman for fun. "Out with your money, dad, as you can't humbug us."

Colonel Baldwin gave a fearful groan, and turned to look at his masked son.

"Oh, Charles, Charles," pleaded Lucy, "how could you descend so low as to become a highwayman?"

"Why, Lucy, 'tis splendid fun. I say, dad, I want to ask you a question."

"What is it, you foolish boy?"

"Doesn't all the money you have belong to me?"

"Yes, when you come of age; but you can't claim it if it is discovered that you are a criminal. Do give up your folly and come with us."

"I shan't do it. We are going back to knock thunder out of the yeomen, and the money is to buy horses, pikes and guns."

"You'll be shot or hung, you foolish boy."

"What do I care, if I have plenty of sport in hunting the yeomen before I die? Didn't I tell you I don't care to live long, since Lucy here refused to be my bride? Got all the cash, captain?"

While they were thus talking, the third highwayman was taking the money, Colonel Baldwin and Lucy being disarmed and compelled to leave the coach.

"Yes, I have it all," answered the masked man known as Captain Rock, "and we will put it to a good use, you may be sure. Now a few last words with you, Colonel Baldwin."

"Speak on, you rascal, as I am in your power; but you can't terrify me."

"No, but we can touch you in your sorest point, and that is your pocket. You are just going into a struggle for the estate you held so long without any right to it, and you will be a beggar when the battle is over."

"I defy you and all your cut-throats, rascal!"

"You may defy us, but you can't baffle the right heir, and we are on his side. I give you fair warning that we will drive you from Baldwin Hall within a month."

"I defy all the Whiteboys and rebels in Tipperary to do that."

"You will see. When you are a beggar and friendless and despised beware of Little Robert Emmet, as he has sworn by the memory of his great namesake to lash you ten times for every stroke you gave him."

While thus speaking, Captain Rock gave a signal to the others, when they all dashed away out on the road, Charlie Baldwin crying:

"Hurrah for the Whiteboys of Tipperary! We are going back to wallop the yeomen, dad."

It was fully an hour after when the travelers hastened to consult with his lawyers, while he

also sent mounted messengers to Tipperary. The troubled officer did not sleep much that night, and he paid a visit to a famous Dublin doctor early in the morning. He also visited Dublin Castle, the headquarters of the English officials who ruled Ireland. On returning to the hotel from an early visit to some friends, Lucy noticed that her guardian had a pleasant and confident expression on his face.

"Have you good news, guardy?" she asked.

"I have, my dear. We must return to Tipperary at once; and I now see my way to crushing the conspiracy against me; but I have a great favor to ask of you."

"You know that I will do anything in reason for you."

"I know it, Lucy. We must entice Charles back home, and the best way to do it is for you to promise to wed him."

"Gracious! how can you ask me to wed a young man in his state of mind?"

"But he will be cured, dear Lucy. The great doctor assures me of it."

"Then I can promise to wed him when he is cured, if that will do."

"Of course it will. We have a desperate fight before us, but we'll crush and hang all the rascals, you may be sure. Can you imagine who that infernal old peddler is?"

"The famous Freeney, the highwayman."

"I am almost certain of it. I just learned at the castle that the scoundrel has left Van Dieman's Land, and the old fellow's voice was very familiar."

"I suspected as much last night. To think that Charles should be the companion of such a wretch! It is terrible!"

"It is, it is; but we must reclaim the poor boy; and he cannot be held accountable for what he does at present. Get ready for the road, as we will start in an hour."

"I will be ready, guardy. Who is this mysterious claimant who threatens to rob you and Charles of the estate?"

"That is the strangest part of the whole business, Lucy. He claims to be the grandson of my oldest brother, and he calls himself Robert Emmet."

"Gracious goodness! Then he must be that youth you punished in the tavern."

"I think so. You heard the threat Captain Rock made last night. We have a terrible fight before us, but I will be able for the rascals. Duncan Barton, the cleverest detective in the kingdom, is going home with us, and we will open the campaign at once."

The travelers arrived at Baldwin Hall in due time, escorted by a party of dragoons, and accompanied by a quiet-looking, muscular young man, calling himself James Murphy. That plain-looking, clean-faced young man of twenty-five, who was taken for a clergyman, was Duncan Barton, the best thief-taker, or detective, in Great Britain, and he was after the famous Freeney in particular, while working in general against the Whiteboys of Tipperary.

Colonel Baldwin did open the campaign against his enemies with great vigor. Being well assisted by the government, he organized a force of over two hundred mounted yeomen to guard his place and to sally forth in quest of the White-

boys. The large dwelling was barricaded for a siege in case of attack, and yeomen scouts were kept out in the neighborhood night and day. One strange circumstance occurred on the first night of Colonel Baldwin's return.

Tom Heffernan, the landlord of the tavern, disappeared from his house in the most mysterious manner, to the great grief of his daughter. Colonel Baldwin declared that the man had been made away with by the Whiteboys, while Poll Heffernan more than hinted that her father was secretly put out of the way by their landholder. The spirited girl also hinted that her father, while alive, was able to defy Colonel Baldwin, because he was a servant of his years before, and held a great secret concerning the violent officer.

"I know my poor father is dead," the girl would declare, "and his secret is gone with him; but I'll never rest until I have satisfaction on those who killed him."

Two days after the disappearance of the landlord, a little old man with white hair and beard put up at the tavern, telling the girl that he would purchase the place if it suited him. That old man was Little Robert Emmet, who was secretly organizing his friends to give battle to the enemy. On the third night after Colonel Baldwin's return, while he was meditating in the library, an old countrywoman called at the front door and requested to see the magistrate on important business relating to the Whiteboys. The old woman was shown into the library, when she told the magistrate that she wanted to earn the reward offered for the capture of a great rogue.

"Which rogue do you mean?" inquired the magistrate.

The old woman peered cautiously around the room from under her hood as she inquired:

"Are you sure we're alone here now, and no one else will hear me, or I'll be murdered?"

"Certainly we are alone."

"Then I want to tell you in secret that I'll earn the five hundred pounds offered by putting your hand on that notorious old rogue called Freeney the highwayman."

"The mischief you say, woman!" exclaimed the magistrate, springing from his chair and seizing the old woman by the shoulder. "Where is the scoundrel, and how can I get at him?"

"Easy enough, sir, if you swear to give me the reward."

"Certainly, certainly! Where is the scoundrel?"

The old woman drew back a few steps and made quick movements with each hand. The hood flew back from her head and a pistol was aimed at Colonel Baldwin's breast as she hissed forth:

"I am Freeney the highwayman, your honor, and I came here to see my friend, Tom Heffernan. He promised to tell me a great secret, if you ever turned on him, and you played him false at last."

"I do not know anything about Heffernan."

"Colonel," cried a voice outside in the hall, "the Whiteboys are gathering on the mountain in force."

"Colonel," said Freeney, "how did your son get out of his mind?"

"He was shot in the head by accident."

"You mean that you shot him in a fit of rage."

"May the fiends take you, what do you know?"

"Hold up your hands, Michael Freeney," said a voice behind the highwayman.

Instead the highwayman shot out the light from a candle which was all the light in the room. Another light was procured, but the highwayman was not in the room. Duncan Barton, the detective, and the colonel then conferred together, and in the midst of it a trooper rushed into the room, saying:

"Colonel, the Whiteboys are just below in the meadow."

The colonel dashed out, gave orders to his men to mount and at the rebels. Then with the colonel to lead them, they went for the Whiteboys, who retreated from the meadow as the troopers reached it. The troopers gave pursuit.

CHAPTER VII.—A Novel Encounter.

The yeomen spurred furiously across the broad meadow, yet they did not gain an inch on the well-mounted Whiteboys. The fugitives dashed into the dark wood over a hundred yards ahead of their enemies, when they wheeled about and fired a volley. Some of the foremost yeomen fell, but the others kept on, their leader crying:

"Charge on the cowardly rascals!"

"Beware of an ambush, colonel!" cried an old sergeant, who had served under Wellington.

Then out from the wood toward the yeomen dashed three of the Whiteboys, one of them crying:

"Hold up there, governor, as I want to make you an offer!"

"Halt—halt!" yelled Colonel Baldwin, drawing in his own steed. Don't fire, as that is my son. Dear Charley, you are coming back to me?"

"Not a bit of it; but I want to make you an offer."

"What kind of an offer, you foolish boy?"

The three Whiteboys drew up about twenty yards from the yeomen, and the colonel advanced fearlessly to meet his son.

"Stop where you are, colonel!" cried Captain Rock, who was one of the three, "and listen to your son's proposal."

"What have you to say to me, Charles?" eagerly inquired the anxious father, as he obeyed the hint from the Whiteboy leader.

"I know you fought the French, and some of the fellows with you fought under you."

"That is true, my son; but——"

"Then you consider yourself a splendid fighter?"

"I do without any boasting."

"I know you are a crack shot with the pistol, as I well remember the day you——"

"Charley, Charley, it is unkind of you to allude to that accident."

"It ain't, dad, as you were awful cruel, and that is one reason why I am a Whiteboy."

"Well, well, what is your proposal?"

"I know you're a great swordsman, but I'll bet I'm your match now, and I have been taking lessons from Captain Rock."

"Hang Captain Rock!"

"You can't, dad, as he is too clever for you.

Well, I want you to pick out two of the best swordsmen you have, and my friends here and I will fight the three of you at once."

"What a silly proposal, Charley, as if I could raise my hand against you."

"You often did when I wasn't big enough or able to strike back. If you best me in a fair fight with the swords, I swear to surrender and go home with you."

"Will your companions allow you?"

"We will," answered Captain Rock, "but we have other terms to propose."

"What are they, rebel?"

Captain Rock turned and pointed to the wood, as he responded:

"I have enough of brave fellows there to defy you, but I desire to avoid bloodshed as much as I can on both sides. We three will fight you and two of your best men with swords, on horseback or on foot, a certain prize to be awarded to the victors."

"What is to be the prize?"

"The estate now unlawfully held by you. My little friend here claims that estate, but——"

"What nonsense!" impatiently interrupted Colonel Baldwin. "If the little scamp won the estate in the courts of law, which is out of the question, he could not hold it an hour, as he is a proclaimed outlaw and a robber."

"You are the robber!" cried Little Robert Emmet, "and you only hold the estate by force and perjury. I fight only to avenge the cruel insult you offered me, and I am not a rebel save against your tyranny."

"Besides, colonel," said Captain Rock, "as you know, Robert Emmet here made over his claim to the estate to a gentleman now in Dublin on the day he landed in Ireland."

"Then why don't you and the little scamp let the courts decide as to the claim?"

"Because possession is nine points of the law, and he means to have it. Will you fight us three or not?"

"You must think I am mad, to fight such a duel, and against my own son."

"Then you are a coward, dad," cried Charley, "and I disown you! Let us pitch into the yeomen, Captain Rock, and knock thunder out of them!"

And the light-headed youth charged full at his father, with a sword upraised.

"Foolish boy, I will give you a lesson."

"You're not able, governor, and I'll knock you from your horse in short order. Keep back, Captain Rock, and show us fair play."

Captain Rock and Little Robert Emmet did keep back, the other Whiteboys and the yeomen following their example, leaving the father and the son free to settle the novel contest. They came together with a crash on the open meadow, Charley striking at his father with all the fury of an excited madman.

Colonel Baldwin was a very superior swordsman and a powerful man, while he could be as cool as a veteran duelist in personal combats, yet he had all he could do to meet the furious onslaught thus made on him. Charles was tall and strong, he had often practiced the sword exercise with the yeomen, and he was a splendid horseman. As the old man successfully defend-

ed himself, the youth's fury increased to the highest pitch.

"What disgraceful scene is this?" cried Lucy Farron, as she rode suddenly on the scene from behind the yeomen. "Shame, shame, Charles, to strike at your own father!"

"He ain't a bit good to me, and— Ha, dad, you are trying to disarm me now; but you can't work the game. Hurrah, hurrah! I have floored the governor at last!"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Lucy. "He has killed his father! Oh, you wretches, all, how could you allow such unnatural strife to go on?"

And the excited girl sprang from her horse to run and bend over Colonel Baldwin, who had been hurled from his steed by a tremendous blow on the breast, given with the flat side of his son's heavy sword. The mad lad dashed back to his friends when he saw his father on the ground, and the three Whiteboys rode into the wood, Charley yelling:

"Get out of the way, Lucy, as we're going to pitch into the yeomen!"

The yeomen were moving forward when their colonel regained his feet.

"This is no place for you, Lucy," he said, "and do ride back home."

"I will not. If you are going to charge on the wretches in there, I will ride with you. Oh, Charles, Charles, come out, as I want to speak to you so much. Are you much injured, sir?"

"Not at all, as my breastplate saved me. I could not strike at the misguided boy."

"Get away, Lucy!" cried Charley, from the wood, "or you'll get hurt!"

"I will not, you miserable boy! Forward, brave yeomen, and cut down the rascals!"

The colonel mounted his steed and Lucy sprang lightly on her swift pony. All the Whiteboys had then disappeared in the wood, and a heavy tramping announced that they were retreating into the depths.

"Forward!" cried the colonel, "as the cowardly rascals are flying."

"Beware of an ambush, colonel!" cried the old veteran sergeant.

About fifty of the Whiteboys were dashing out toward the highway, but another strong party galloped along a path in the wood in a different direction. Lucy Farron rode ahead of the yeomen with her guardian, and the excited girl was more anxious to strike at the Whiteboys than the horsemen. In truth, while the majority of the yeomen were brave fellows enough, the most of them did not care to engage in a deadly struggle against well-armed foes, or to fall into another ambush. Colonel Baldwin was becoming embittered against his unnatural son, and he mentally vowed that he would punish him severely when taken. Yet he could not afford to put the youth to death, as the passionate man could only hold the estate, in any case, while his son lived. The Whiteboys burst out on the road well ahead of their enemies, and Colonel Baldwin then felt that they were making for the mountains.

"Press on, press on!" he cried, "and we will strike the rascals ere they reach the village. Dear Lucy, I beg of you to return to the hall."

"I will keep with you, sir."

"Hallo! What means that firing in the rear?"

I swear the rascals are attacking the hall! Halt, halt! and wheel about."

The yeomen were then more than two miles from the hall, and they spurred all the faster as they rode back. The Whiteboys ahead turned also and galloped back after their foes. As the yeomen drew near the hall the firing in that direction became more distinct.

"The rascals are attacking the hall in force!" cried the colonel, "but the boys there can hold out against them, Lucy."

"I trust so, sir, but the rogues appear to be playing a cunning game."

"Beware of an ambush in the woods, colonel!" cried the old veteran, as they struck on the dense park close to Baldwin Hall.

The warning was scarcely given when a clear, ringing voice was heard among the trees on the right, crying:

"Fire, boys, but don't hit the young lady! Then out at them!"

It was Little Robert Emmet who gave the order, and he was about to commence the furious attack in earnest.

CHAPTER VIII.—The First Attack.

Duncan Barton stood at the window looking out until he saw the young girl riding away from the house, when he muttered:

"That is a splendid girl, by gracious! Where can she be going? Well, that is not my affair now, and I must see to Freney."

The detective stole to a secret door leading to the cellar, which opened in a recess at the side of the broad fireplace. He then bent his ear to listen, when he fancied he could hear a movement inside. A footstep at the door was then heard by the clever man, and he turned about to encounter Curley the Cat.

"What do you want here now?" demanded the detective, in surly tones.

"The colonel told me to keep a close watch on the secret door there," was the surly reply.

"By the way, Curley, did you ever meet the famous highwayman called Freney in days gone by?"

"Not I; but I heard of him, and they say he is back in Ireland again."

"I believe he is. I will keep watch here, and you can help to defend the hall if we are attacked by the Whiteboys."

Curley retired, and the detective followed him to the door until he saw him going down the stairs.

"That rascal is Freney's friend," he said to himself, "as I know old criminals have a regular Freemasonry among each other; but I will baffle the pair of them."

The detective kept his eye on the secret door as he bolted the main entrance to the room, when he stole quietly to a closet. In less than five minutes after the clever man stole forth again, arrayed as a yeoman, and with a fierce false beard over his face, when he at once blew out the light. He then approached the window to look out, without making the least sound on the soft carpet. Duncan Barton had a good view from the corner window, as he could see down into the graveyard below the kitchen garden and

away to the grove on the left. The moon was out, but the night was not very bright, and the tombstones in the graveyard appeared like so many white ghosts.

"Hang me," he muttered, "if it don't appear as if the tombstones are moving. Is my sight wandering, or are they real figures? By thunder, there's something wrong down there."

The detective listened and watched eagerly for some minutes, when he distinctly observed several white figures gliding along the graveyard.

"Freeney must be out by this time," he muttered, as he glided to the door, "and I must warn Captain Nelson of the danger. The Whiteboys are trying to steal a march on us."

The detective hastened downstairs as fast as he could, but he had only reached the lower hallway when a rattling volley was heard near the graveyard, followed by wild cries and yells. Captain Nelson had the force left in his charge well drawn together in the rear of the main building, and the fire of the Whiteboys was well directed at the yeomen.

"To the house, to the house!" cried the officer, "and to the loop-holes."

The detective was forced back when he reached the back doorway, the yeomen pressing in to defend the house. Then out from the graveyard and the kitchen garden rushed a strong body of the Whiteboys on foot, and they were all yelling like so many demons as they dashed into the deserted stables and out-houses. Duncan Barton left the library in such haste as to forget to lock the door on the outside. He had scarcely reached the hall below when the secret door in the library was opened and a head appeared therefrom.

"On my soul, Tom," said a soft voice, "but the coast is clear here now; and we've only to get a couple of the yeomen's suits to slip out during the fight. They are at it pretty lively, but the real battle isn't on yet."

The speaker was Freeney, and he stole to the door to listen.

"They'll not come up here," he continued, addressing young Heffernan, who had followed him out of the secret passage. "Take my flint and steel, and strike a light. If Curley was only here now."

"I am here, Freeney," responded a faint voice in the dark hallway. "What can I do for you?"

"Get us a couple of yeomen's rigs at once, my boy, and bring them up here."

"I'll do it, captain, but be careful of Barton, as he is a clever one."

Curley soon returned with the costumes. The treacherous fellow assisted Freeney and his friend in arranging themselves as yeomen, the old highwayman remarking:

"I know you'll never go back on me, Jack. Now go down with you and slip open the front door, as I want to have a hand in the real fight."

Curley slipped down quietly ahead of the others. Freeney walked down the stairs among the yeomen as bold as possible. And Heffernan played his part well, as he was a cool, brave customer. Duncan Barton was on the alert in the broad hallway on the first floor, and he noticed Curley slipping down the stairs and moving to the front door also, while Curley was slyly drawing the strong bolts thereon. The treacher-

ous rascal had the door unfastened when the detective stepped up to him, saying:

"What are you opening the door for, Curley?"

"To look out in front for the colonel, to be sure."

"Then go up and look out of the window."

And the detective closed the heavy bolts again. A heavy volley of musketry could then be heard in the front, away at the park, and Freeney muttered:

"There's the real battle commencing, and I'll be hanged if I don't have a hand in it."

Freeney nudged Heffernan and the two stole up the stairs to the library and out upon the balcony. Then they dropped down among the Whiteboys below, yelling as they did so that they were friends. The Whiteboys recognized Freeney's voice and refrained from firing at them. Then the two retired behind the barn, Heffernan falling in Freeney's arms, saying he was shot.

In the meantime Colonel Baldwin was having the time of his life in his battle with the Whiteboys. But the Whiteboys proved too much for the yeomen, and soon they were routed. In the midst of the melee Lucy's horse bolted with her to the Whiteboys' ranks, and when the affair was over she was taken with them to their stronghold.

Meantime back at the colonel's house a company of dragoons had come upon the scene, and the Whiteboys were compelled to ride away, just as they were about to carry the Hall by force. Freeney rode with them, supporting young Heffernan. Shortly Freeney left the Whiteboys, saying that he was going to take Heffernan to a doctor.

They soon joined the Whiteboys, who had given the colonel's men the battle, and then they learned that Lucy had been captured. Now there was an officer on Colonel Baldwin's staff who was in love with the girl, and in conference with the colonel and Duncan Barton it was agreed that the best way to rescue Charles and the young lady was to send spies up to the mountain. Duncan Barton volunteered for the dangerous work and so did the gallant major, whose name was Major Melton.

CHAPTER IX.—On the Mountain.

The partial victory over the yeomen encouraged the outlaws throughout Tipperary and the neighboring counties so much that the regular soldiers and the yeomen had plenty of hot work soon after. Colonel Baldwin was more furious than ever after the successful retreat of the Whiteboys, and he set to work to recruit for vengeance, and to defend the estate. As the regular troops were kept very busy in other parts of the country, the yeoman officer could not claim much support from them, though Major Melton was with him, heart and soul.

Captain Rock and his little friend recruited also, as they proposed to carry on the struggle on a grander scale. The success of the famous leader brought many volunteers to his standard from distant hills and valleys, and several daring spirits from Dublin appeared as recruits also.

Three days slipped away since the attack on the mansion. It was night on the mountains, and the moon was out in full. Two rough, hearty-looking fellows, wearing full beards and who were dressed as mechanics, strolled along a path on the mountain top, one of them whistling a merry, patriotic air.

"I say, Jack," remarked the other aloud, and with a full Dublin accent. "I think as how we made a mistake in not stopping at the tavern."

"How is that, Jim?"

"Whv, we might have struck on some of the boys there to initiate us. There don't seem to be any life up here."

"Whistling will bring them out, you can bet."

The two men strolled on along a narrow path, with huge rocks on each side of it; one of them kept whistling away merrily. They had just reached the entrance to a deep ravine, when two white figures suddenly appeared before them, and pistols were presented at the strangers' breast.

"Who are you?" demanded one of the Whiteboys.

"Friends to the cause," was the prompt answer.

"And what do you want up here?"

"To join Captain Rock and to strike against the tyrants of Ireland."

One of the Whiteboys gave a signal, when a dozen or more of his comrades sprang out from behind the rocks to seize the strangers. The strangers offered no resistance as their arms were secured behind them and bandages placed over their eyes, but one of them remarked:

"I suppose this is the way Captain Rock treats all his new recruits."

"Of course," answered that leader, "when he's not sure of their honesty. March them along, boys, and we'll put them to the tent."

About that same time four persons were seated in the inner apartment of an extensive cave leading in under the mountain from the ravine. Outside the door of the small apartment, and in a large, well-lighted vaulted chamber, two Whiteboy sentries were on guard, while many others stood or sat around playing cards or burnishing arms. Two of the four persons mentioned were Lucy Farron and Poll Heffernan, and the others were Charley Baldwin and Little Robert Emmet.

"I am sorry to tell Mr. Emmet," said the tavern-keeper's daughter, "that my poor father has not recovered his senses, if he ever will."

"I hope he will, I'm sure," remarked Lucy, "and I can't imagine why Colonel Baldwin should arrest him, if he was not a Whiteboy."

"My father was never one, miss, but he will be one now, if he recovers by any miracle."

"I say, Lucy," interposed Charley, with a silky wink at Robert Emmet, "why don't you go home? No one is keeping you here, I'm certain."

"I won't go unless you return with me."

"Then you'll have to stay a long time."

"Really, Miss Farron," remarked Robert Emmet, "while we are delighted with your company up here, I— What is going on outside?"

Loud cries were heard in the front chamber, as the Whiteboys had entered there with their two prisoners, and Captain Rock and Freeney were confronting them with flashing eyes.

The two outlaws wore masks on their faces, and so did all their followers present. Freeney was addressing the prisoners in loud tones as Robert

Emmet put on a mask and moved out by the sentinels, the others following him to the door.

"And you both swear," cried Freeney, "that you are honest men, and that you come here to join us in fighting the tyrants?"

"We do," answered one of the prisoners, "and you can put us to the test, if you like."

Freeney turned and whispered some words to Captain Rock, who at once gave orders to his men. The prisoners were dragged to the end of the cave and placed with their backs to the solid rock.

"Stand there and say your prayers," cried Captain Rock, "as you will die in five minutes!"

A dozen of the Whiteboys seized loaded muskets and drew up in line in front of the prisoners, Captain Rock crying:

"Make ready, men."

"What have they done?" asked Little Robert Emmet, as he approached Captain Rock.

"Wait, and you'll see. Present!"

The twelve muskets were pointed at the prisoners, one of whom cried:

"Is it fair to kill us without a trial? We are honest patriots, and you will have murder on your souls, you mad fool!"

"Honest patriots!" exclaimed Freeney, as he sprang forward with his hands upraised to seize the fellows by the beards. "You are the fools to come and try to humbug us. Major Melton, you are not smart enough, nor you either, Mr. Duncan Barton."

CHAPTER X.—To Save the Spies.

Not a word did the two prisoners utter as the old highwayman pulled the false beards from their faces and announced who they were. An ominous silence prevailed in the large vaulted chamber after Freeney denounced the prisoners, but loud expressions could be heard from the inner apartment, as the door leading thereto was only partially closed.

"Silence in there!" cried Captain Rock, in resounding tones. "Now, gentlemen, do you not deserve death, according to the laws of war?"

"We do," answered the officer, who was in his thirtieth year, "and we will not cry for mercy to you."

"Fire away," answered the detective, "and finish us at the first volley!"

"Have you no excuse to make for stealing up here in disguise to betray us?"

"Not the slightest," replied the soldier, "as it is my duty to crush such reptiles by every means possible. We failed and we can suffer."

"Fire ahead, old saint," said the detective.

"No, I'm not a saint; but I'm a better man than hundreds and thousands who serve the English government only to enrich themselves by plundering and murdering the people of this unfortunate land. But now to my question: Did you ever hear why I became a highwayman?"

"It was your natural taste, I suppose."

"It was not my natural taste, by a long shot; but because I was driven from my house and home by the infernal yeomen, after my father and my to brave brothers were butchered before my eyes."

"They were rebels, I presume?"

"What Irishman worthy of the name isn't a rebel at heart?"

"There's enough of that!" cried Captain Rock, in very harsh tones. "Talk never helped a good cause much, and it is hard blows only that will make the English respect us. Prisoners, prepare for death!"

"We are prepared," answered the young officer.

"Then I suppose you made your wills before you came up here?"

"Yes; soldiers should be always ready to die."

"Have you no request to make, Major Melton?"

"I only ask that my body be given to my relatives, or to my brother officers."

"And you, Mr. Barton?"

"Bury me out there on the mountain, as I deserve an unknown grave for having failed in the struggle against you."

The leader of the Whiteboys turned about to perceive Lucy Farron struggling with the guards at the inner door.

"Let me go, you wretches!" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Emmet, you have a heart, and don't let them murder that brave gentleman. Captain Rock, you are a fiend incarnate!"

The excited girl had burst away from the guards, and she then stood before the Whiteboy leader.

"Am I a fiend incarnate, young lady?" he answered, in sarcastic tones. "Well, I haven't outraged my prisoners by flogging them yet, as is the custom with our enemies."

The spirited girl winced at the rebuff, as she knew that Colonel Baldwin and others had used the lash without mercy. Little Robert Emmet's face burned beneath the mask as he thought of what he had suffered, for the cruel lash would be felt by him until death closed his eyes. Yet the noble little hero was still ready to plead for the brave men who had ventured up there to work for his destruction, and for the death of all those brave hearts acting with him.

"Captain Rock," he said, in manly tones, "I know that the prisoners deserve death, according to the rules of war, yet I beg that you will spare them, on condition that they will swear not to seek to betray us, or to take part against us hereafter."

"I will take no such oath!" cried the young soldier, in emphatic tones.

"Nor I," cried the detective.

"Then you are doomed!" cried Captain Rock. "Young lady, retire, although you are accustomed to such scenes, I suppose."

Lucy winced again, as she had looked on when poor wretches were hung and shot by the ever-brutal yeomen. The twelve Whiteboys had rested their guns while the discussion was going on, and Captain Rock ordered them to aim again. Lucy darted away in front of the twelve Whiteboys, and placed herself before the prisoners, her eyes flashing with the wildest excitement, as she exclaimed:

"Then murder me also, vile wretches, as I hate you all, and I worked against you!"

"My dear Miss Lucy," protested the young officer, "don't sacrifice your precious life, as you cannot save us."

"Then I can die with you; and we will be avenged hereafter. Fire, you fiends in white, if you must have victims."

Captain Rock and Robert Emmet advanced to the young lady, and the twelve Whiteboys lowered their weapons again.

"Young lady," said the stern leader, "we may be vile wretches, but we do not insult nor slay helpless females. You must retire."

"Hold on there!" cried Charley Baldwin, "and don't touch Lucy. I'll settle the whole matter for Dick Melton at once."

"How will you settle it, sir?" demanded the leader.

"In this way, by George! Melton saved my life a year ago, and I'll do as much for him now. I'll take his place and be shot for him."

Captain Rock smiled behind the mask.

"That would never do," he said. "And what would your father think of Major Melton if he accepted such a proposal?"

"Which I never will!" cried the officer.

"Hang father!" cried the half-witted lad. "And what has he got to say about it? I read in some book that chaps like me are certain to go to heaven, and it will be awful jolly there. Step out, Dick Melton, and I'll take your place."

"A thousand thanks, dear boy, but it is out of the question."

"Don't you love Lucy?"

"With all my heart and soul," was the young soldier's fervent reply. "But I know she would despise me if I did not act like a man. Do stand aside, all of you, as you cannot save us."

"I will save you, or die with you!" cried the young girl, as she made a sudden bound at Captain Rock and seized one of the large pistols in his belt.

Springing back again to the prisoners, the brave creature aimed the weapon at the Whiteboy leader.

"Spare the brave men, you rebel hound!" she cried, "or I will send you to answer for your crimes. Oh, I am a dead shot!"

All the Whiteboys present became fearfully excited on seeing their leader thus threatened, and several weapons were pointed at the desperate girl.

"Kill the virago!" cried one.

"Silence!" thundered the leader, as he folded his arms on his breast and confronted the brave girl. "Don't one of you hurt her, on your lives, if she is mad enough to fire at me."

"Then you will spare the prisoners!" cried Lucy.

"I will not, under fear of death at your hands, and fire now."

And the brave man lowered his arms and expanded his broad breast for the bullet, while his fiery eyes blazed out at the intrepid girl.

"Don't—don't, Miss Lucy!" cried the officer. "You will only kill me, and the others will slay you."

"Not a hand will be raised against her if she shoots me!" cried Captain Rock. "I promised that the young lady will not be injured while she is up here, and my promise must be kept. Remember that, lads, whatever happens."

A loud murmur of submission swept throughout the cave in response. Then all were silent. Old Freeney had been standing to the right of the prisoners during the impressive scene, and he had not uttered a word. The old highwayman's eyes were fixed on the brave girl throughout, while he kept handling one of the pistols in his belt.

"She means mischief," he muttered, "but I have my eye on her."

"Then you positively refuse to spare the brave men at your mercy, Captain Rock?" cried Lucy, as a last appeal.

"I do."

"Then die like a dog! Mercy—my hand!"

Two loud reports resounded throughout the cave as the pistol in the hand of the desperate girl was knocked aside from her grasp. Captain Rock stood uninjured.

"Thunder and turf," cried old Freeney, as he darted to pick up the pistol knocked from the girl's grasp, "did I miss the mark, and is my aim failing me at last? Not a bit! Here's where my ball struck the barrel; and your hand is only shaken by the shock, young lady. Thank goodness!"

A wild shout rent the cave as Freeney held up the pistol and pointed to a slight dent at the end of the barrel.

"The ball from it struck here on the side," cried one of the Whiteboys, as he pointed to the bullet mark on the solid rock.

"Better than to find a billet in my breast," said Captain Rock. "I owe you another, Freeney."

"You think you are in my debt then, captain?"

"More than I can ever repay."

"Will you do me a favor, then?"

"A hundred, if I can."

"One will do. Let those brave men off, as it is a pity to put an end to such fine fellows, even if they are our sworn enemies."

"I'll do it, brave Freeney, for your sake. Release the prisoners at once, lads."

The prisoners were surprised to hear this and immediately thanked Freeney and Captain Rock for the way they had been used, Captain Rock saying: "Freeney is your savior, and the next prisoner you take, do you likewise, and you will be more thought of by the Whiteboys." The two men were blindfolded and led out of the cave to the side of the mountain, where they were set at liberty.

That same night two howitzers were on the way to strengthen the defense of Colonel Baldwin's house. Just as the dragoons were within half a mile of the house they were set upon by a party of Whiteboys, the cannon captured, and a number of horses as well. The detective and Major Melton met the dragoons as they were returning to the castle after their defeat. The major, chagrined that matters were so much against them, and hearing that Little Robert Emmet had led the Whiteboys, ordered them to turn back and pursue the rebels, which they did. Soon they were nearing the Whiteboys, and the major urged them on. In the meantime a messenger had been dispatched for reinforcements.

CHAPTER XI.—Captain Rock to the Rescue.

Captain Rock was out that night also, and with over a hundred of his best-mounted followers. Old Freeney was with the daring leader, and Charley Baldwin rode in front of the troop. The capture of Baldwin Hall was only a secondary object to the famous Whiteboy leader of Tipperary in his campaign against the tyrants of the

country, and he was marching to strike another blow that night. While Little Robert Emmet and his band were moving down to strike for the guns, Captain Rock and his followers were pushing along the foot of the mountain toward the garrison town, the movements of each party being well planned beforehand.

As the Whiteboys had their spies in the town, their leaders were aware that the guns intended for Baldwin Hall would be sent forward that night. While Colonel Baldwin was active in the defense of his mansion, he also stirred himself, with other magistrates in the neighborhood, in persecuting the small farmers and poor peasants around.

Hundreds of the unfortunates were arrested and dragged from their homes by the brutal yeomen, on suspicion of being Whiteboys, and those who resisted were cut down by the sword or hung on the gallows without much form of trial. The large jail in the town was crowded with suspects, as such prisoners were called then and now, and others were guarded in the strong barracks. The main object of Captain Rock's expedition that night was to release the helpless prisoners, some of whom were sentenced to die on the scaffold on the following morning. The gallant Whiteboy leader was great on the dash, yet he could plan out and fight a stubborn battle when called on. The Whiteboys galloped through a lonely road on the outskirts of the town, and then along to the river, which they forded without delay. On past the town they swept, and then out on the high road below, to wheel and turn backward in full swing. And why did the Whiteboys skirt the town, to enter at the farthest end? Because the barracks were situated on the outskirt nearest the mountain, and the strong jail was at the other side.

Captain Rock aimed to open the doors of the prison before the dragoons could ride to assail him. The Whiteboys pressed through the silent street in the outskirts, their leader sending forth signals on the way. Then out from lanes and alleys rushed several white figures on foot, some of them bearing hatchets, heavy hammers, stout poles, ladders, and limbs of trees. Up to the front of the strong jail and beyond rode the Whiteboys, when they halted and drew up in lines, some of them facing toward the barracks and the others to the jail, with scouts out on all sides.

"Up with the ladders, lads," cried Captain Rock, "and at the big door with you. Freeney, I'll hold back the dragoons."

The storm was at its height as the white-frocked outlaws rushed at the door with their battering rams and heavy hammers. The jailers and the inmates of the prison fancied that the lightning had struck the building when the first crash was heard, and a deafening peal of thunder reverberated a moment after. Cries of alarm and yells of despair could be heard by Freeney and his friends as they gained the high wall to drop down on the other side, and the old adventurer muttered to himself:

"'Tis a great night for the work, and many a poor lad will soon be blessing us."

One of the boldest of the jailers had the courage to look out from a window in front after the

thunderclap, when he saw the white figures pouring into the yard over the wall.

"The Whiteboys! The Whiteboys!" he yelled, running to the bedroom of the head keeper. "Some of you ring the alarm bell."

At that very moment two hundred dragoons were dashing out of the barracks, with the detective, to go in chase of Little Robert Emmet's band. The alarm bell did not ring out, as one of Captain Rock's spies in the jail had cut the rope at the first signal for the attack. That same spy was then opening the front door for Freeney, and those with him, while the terrified jailers were at bay in the office. Captain Rock kept on his horse in the highway, and the daring leader's eyes were on every side. One of the scouts came riding along from the direction of the barracks.

"The dragoons are out, captain," he answered, "but 'tis off toward the mountain they're going."

"Just so. Then Little Robert Emmet has struck for the guns with success, and the dragoons are after him."

He then turned to the scout and inquired:

"How many dragoons rode away?"

"Two full troops, captain."

"That leaves about as many more in the barracks, and they are too many for us. If we could only draw them out on a false hunt!"

Out from the jail flocked the liberated prisoners, and their friends, and blessings on Captain Rock and his Whiteboys could be heard as the poor fellows hastened away to seek shelter in the mountain retreats. The mounted Whiteboys held the highway until the last prisoner disappeared, and then Freeney and his assistants came forth to the gate.

"What next, then, captain?" asked Freeney, as he sprang on his horse. "Thunder alive, but look at the shells bursting beyond there!"

"The dragoons are after the guns," replied Captain Rock, in excited tones, "and our little hero is playing on them. Fall in, fall in, and we'll dash straight out that way. Brave Little Robert Emmet may be hard pressed, and we'll to the rescue!"

The Whiteboys dashed on through the main street of the town, and they soon swept past the barracks in full gallop.

"Come out, come out!" yelled Captain Rock to the sentries, "and give us chase, if you dare."

The sentries replied by firing at the daring fellow, and the drums beat to arms inside. The little hero was having a hot time of it on the mountain side. As the horses before the heavy guns could not move them very fast on the muddy, soft earth, the dragoons soon gained on the Whiteboys. Then Robert Emmet ordered his men to draw up, and he sent some of them to the shelter of the rocks.

"Put fresh powder in your pans," he cried, "and give the enemy a volley with the muskets and carbines as they come up. About with the guns, and we'll try them on their late owners."

With fresh priming and matches ready, the loud-toned weapons were raised in line with the approaching dragoons, and the first volley was fired. Four of the shells went over the heads of the enemy, to burst beyond, but the other two struck in front of the solid ranks, the deadly splinters causing great havoc among the horse-

men. The Whiteboys then played with their muskets and carbines.

"Load again along the line," yelled the little leader, "and we will fight to the death for the guns."

The dragoons were staggered and dismayed at the deadly fire, and they fell into disorder on the side of the hill. Their gallant major was not dismayed or discouraged, and he dashed to and fro along the line, calling on his men to form anew and to charge upon the rebels. Up pressed the dragoons to meet another shower of shot and shell that staggered them again. Yet their gallant leader kept them to the charge in good order, and they should strike the guns ere the Whiteboys could load and fire again.

In the meantime the brave little Whiteboy leader had hitched four horses to each gun, and the carriages were faced up again, the gunners loading ere they retreated. The ammunition was then on its way well up the mountain. Another shower of leaden hail played on the dragoons from the muskets and carbines, yet they pressed up on the retreating guns, drawing closer and closer at every stride of the panting steeds.

CHAPTER XII.—A Bold Dash.

"By thunder, Freeney, but they're at it hot and heavy up there!" cried Captain Rock, as the rescuers dashed up the mountain road from the highway.

The dashing horsemen paid no attention to the dead or wounded lying around after the late struggle, or to the straggling yeomen who fled before them.

"It is lively up there," answered Freeney, "but a bold dash up at the dragoons in the rear will do the work for them."

"Then up we go at them. Spur for dear life, lads, as a second lost means the life of some of our friends."

Then up after the dragoons, and unnoticed as yet by their enemies, rushed the Whiteboys under Captain Rock. Those retreating above made better time with four good horses before each gun.

Little Robert Emmet rode in the rear with his horsemen, who turned now and again to fire at their on-pressing foes. The dragoons gained on the retreating band, yet it would seem as if they could not close on the guns or the defenders until the mountain top would be reached. Major Melton looked up to measure the distance, saying to himself:

"All the better if we strike the rascals on the level above, as we can maneuver to cut them all to pieces. We'll spare the little rebel to string him up on the gallows."

The dragoons or their leader did not once look behind to notice the white-coated horsemen galloping up after them. As the lightning had ceased and dark clouds hovered over the mountain, Captain Rock's band did not offer much cause for observation. Yet Little Robert Emmet, in looking back at his foes, noticed his friends, although he was in doubt as to their character, as he muttered:

"If I were sure that they are Captain Rock and his lads, I would make a final stand at once, but we will up to the top."

The top of the mountain was gained soon after by the Whiteboys, and the dragoons were not more than a hundred yards in the rear. Robert Emmet pushed on, hoping to gain the shelter of the distant rocks before the powerful enemy could strike them, while he said to some of his men:

"Two of you ride along to the right and see who are those coming up after the dragoons."

Robert Emmet saw that his powerful enemies were closing on his little band, and he wheeled his horsemen around to make a last desperate stand for the coveted guns. Then a loud voice from behind the dragoons arose above the tramping of the steeds and the jingling of the accoutrements, crying:

"Scatter your boys to the right and left, brave Emmet, and see us make a bold dash through the English butchers!"

All the Whiteboys in front heard that resounding voice, and they scattered to the right and left. Major Melton heard the thrilling order, and he halted his men to wheel about and to face the coming shock. But the startled dragoons could not wheel about and form in time, as the rushing Whiteboys were close on them when Captain Rock yelled to his friends, and then into that swaying mass swept the vengeful white horsemen. Wild and piercing were the yells of the Whiteboys, as they dashed in on their foes. Furious and fierce were the blows and the cuts dealt on all sides as the white horsemen burst through their enemies, to wheel about for a backward charge at the severed lines.

While the leader of the Whiteboys was thus crashing through the dragoons again, Little Robert Emmet assailed them on the right flank. Shrieks of agony and yells of triumph were then blended together with shouts of defiance and cries for quarter arising in unison, while the clashing of the deadly pikes and swords arose above all. Then out from that struggling burst four or five bleeding dragoons, to dash away toward the downward paths, and after them rode yelling Whiteboys as if thirsting for more slaughter.

Out from the left burst a dozen more of the shattered troop, with their major in the midst. Then all the survivors scattered and fled across the open ground, making for the downward paths, with yelling rebels in close pursuit.

"Take all the horses and arms you can," yelled Captain Rock, "and spare the riders, as they are not the black-hearted yeomen. By the powers, Freeney, but that was a bold dash."

"Two of them, my boy, and may we live to see many more like them."

"You came in the nick of time, captain!" cried Little Robert Emmet, as the three friends drew their horses together, "as they would have been on us in another minute."

"To be sure, my little hero; but you did brave work before that, and you should be proud of taking the guns. I must call off the lads now."

Captain Rock drew a whistle and sent forth three shrill blasts, when the pursuing Whiteboys drew back at the signal. The Whiteboy leader then gave hasty orders to his men for securing the spoils and for removing his own wounded, not forgetting the guns.

"They'll be back soon with reinforcements," he continued, and we must away to a safe shelter. Oh, won't there be raving among them to-night!"

"Where's Charley Baldwin?" cried Robert Emmet, as he looked around at the Whiteboys.

"He was by my side in the last charge," responded Freeney, "and was cutting and slashing like a Trojan warrior."

"Here's the poor boy, lying for dead!" cried one of the Whiteboys on foot, who was plundering the fallen dragoons. "He's got an awful gash on the side of his head."

"Oh, murder, murder!" cried Freeney. "I'd sooner have myself in his place. Raise him and we'll see what hope there's for the poor fellow."

The half-witted youth had received an ugly sword cut on the head, but he was not dead.

"It is an ugly gash, indeed," he said, "but he may get over it. Let us down with him to the tavern when I bind it. We can have the old doctor for him there."

"Such is war," sighed Captain Rock, as he gazed at the face of the wounded youth, and then around at the other sufferers. "But who will deny that it is better to die bravely in battle than to live like cowards and slaves."

"It was thus my great namesake preached years ago," responded the little hero, "and may his spirit never forsake the fair land of Erin."

The scattered dragoons rallied at the foot of the mountain, and messengers were sent to the barracks for reinforcements. Duncan Barton had also escaped from the dreadful fray, and he approached the defeated officer.

"Well, major," said the detective, "that was severe work for us, but we live to have satisfaction yet."

"And we'll have it, Barton. You and I will move heaven and earth to get even with the scoundrels. That little fiend and the other leaders will soon dance on the gallows, I swear."

CHAPTER XIII.—Friends in Danger.

"But I tell you I insist on seeing Charles this very night, sir."

"You can only do so on certain conditions, young lady, as I am bound to obey my orders from Captain Rock."

"Oh, I'd like to hang you and Captain Rock to the highest gallows in the country, wretches that you are, to entice the silly boy to his death."

"He is not dead, Miss Farron, and we did not entice him."

"You did—you did, and I hate you all."

It was thus that Lucy Farron railed at Little Robert Emmet three evenings after Charley Baldwin had received a very serious wound. They were seated alone in the inner apartment of the cave, and the guards were on duty outside. The indignant girl drew breath for a moment, glaring angrily at the little hero.

"Well," she continued, in calmer tones, "what are your conditions?"

"You must pledge that you will not tell any one where Charley is now confined to his bed."

"Is that all?"

"You must promise, on your word as a lady, that you will not in any manner betray those you have seen up here, or those you may meet when I lead you to your young friend, no matter what disguises we may assume."

"Have you any other binding pledges to offer?"

"We have not."

"I didn't know but you would want to swear me in as a Whiteboy. Well, I promise all you ask, and let us away."

"I must blindfold you first, as when you were brought here."

"Of course you must. Don't you want to put handcuffs on me also?"

"Not yet," answered the little hero, with a pleasant smile, "but I may hereafter. We will now away."

In less than half an hour after the young couple were riding down the mountain toward the tavern, Lucy wearing the plain garb of a peasant, and with the hood of a cloak drawn over her charming countenance. On reaching the orchard back of the tavern the pair dismounted, and the young man led the girl in by the back door. Lucy was soon bending over the insensible patient, who was lying on a bed in a back room on the second floor, and another invalid was stretched in the same apartment. The second sufferer was Tom Heffernan, the former keeper of the tavern.

Poll Heffernan, who was disguised as a rough boy, was waiting on the patients, assisted by an old woman wearing a cap with frills that almost covered her face. That old woman was Freeney. Lucy took a seat by the bedside and bent her pitying eyes on the pale face of the young invalid for some minutes.

"It is too bad, it is too bad," she sighed, "that poor Charles should be in this state."

"Faix, now, miss," remarked the pretended old woman, "but it may be all for the better, you know."

"What do you mean, woman?"

"Only that the doctor says if he does recover he'll have more sense than he had for years past."

"Do you mean to infer that the poor boy will be in his right mind if he does recover?"

"That's just what the old doctor thinks, and 'tis he's the clever man entirely."

Lucy bent her tearful eyes on the old woman, and then on the disguised girl.

"You are Poll Heffernan," she said, in soft tones, "but you are safe for me."

"I'm here watching over Master Baldwin and me poor father, miss," answered the girl of the tavern, "but I would not be safe if the yeomen discovered me, since I was seen up on the mountain with the Whiteboys."

"I understand, Poll; but I'll see that you are not disturbed hereafter."

Robert Emmet had hastened into another room to assume his disguise as the old landlord of the tavern, and he then slipped down to the barroom. A buxom girl was then waiting on a few customers in plain garments, and the little fellow drew one of them aside.

"What's stirring out to-night, Pat?" he asked.

"Faith, sir, but the yeomen and dragoons are out in great numbers entirely, and they must be up to some queer diviltry."

"Have you sent word up to the captain?"

"To be sure, sir. Here comes some of them now, and be on your guard."

A mixed party of dragoons and yeomen, some twenty-five in number, rode up to the tavern with a prisoner in their midst. The prisoner was a rough-looking man, wearing the substantial gar-

ments of a drover, with red hair and a foxy beard, who appeared to be past the prime of life. Major Melton was in command of the party, and he ordered a halt to water the horses, dismounting as he gave the order.

"Drag in the prisoner!" cried the officer, as he strode into the tavern. "Who keeps this place?"

"I do, sir," answered the disguised youth, as he bent his head, "and what can I do for you?"

Robert was a good mimic, and he put on the brogue to perfection.

"Pass out some wine for me, with ale for the men, and be quick about it."

"To be sure, sir."

The girl and one of the loungers hastened to serve the refreshments, Robert moving to and fro to wait on his unbidden guests, while he kept his eyes on the prisoner and on Major Melton. Freeney soon hobbled into the barroom to assist the others, and to take notes, when he approached the prisoner and asked:

"What are ye charged with, me poor man?"

"That's more than I know, good woman," was the answer, in a rich Munster accent. "Sure, I am an honest drover from Cork City, and I was on me way to Clonmel fair, when the sogers pounced on me, swearing they'd hang me for a Whiteboy."

"What a pity, me poor man, and will I hold a pint of porter to your mouth, as I see they have the handcuffs on ye?"

"Yes, old woman," cried Major Melton, "you can give the rascal a drink, as he will not have many more in this world."

"Sure major agra, what proof have ye agin me at all?" cried the prisoner, in piteous tones.

"You were singing a rebel song, you rascal, and that proves you are a Whiteboy."

"Heaven have mercy on me, and sure ye won't hang me for singing one of Tom Moore's songs?"

Freeney approached the prisoner again with a pitcher of beer, when the fellow whispered to her:

"Are any of the boys about at all?"

"Maybe, if you are one of the right stock."

"Oh, but 'tis Captain Rock would serve me, if he knew."

"If he knew what, man?"

"That I always went in for the green above the red, old woman."

"Then drink, and we'll see."

The prisoner drained the pewter mug held to his lips, and he kept his eyes fixed on the pretended old woman the while. He also glared at Robert Emmet, who stood watching him. Having finished the draught, the prisoner sprang up suddenly and seized Freeney by the wrists, as he yelled aloud:

"Seize that old chap, major, and surround the house. I've got Freeney, and that is Robert Emmet. We'll bag more game here."

That red-haired drover was Duncan Barton, and Little Robert Emmet and his old friend were in danger indeed.

The soldiers pounced on the four occupants of the room, and they were soon handcuffed. Then the highwayman and the little rebel were marched to the town jail. When they passed the Hall Colonel Baldwin joined them. The two rebels were given a hasty trial and were convicted and ordered shot in the morning at dawn. The col-

onel sat in a chair at night in the office of the jail, when who should ride up to the door but Lucy and Poll Heffernan. Gaining admittance to the colonel, Lucy told him that Charles was likely to regain his reason upon his recovery from his wound, and that Tom Heffernan had died, giving her a packet to deliver to him (Colonel Baldwin) on condition that he would release Freney and little Robert Emmet. The colonel refused and ordered Lucy to go home. But near dawn, just as the hangman was getting ready for the execution, a loud explosion was heard on the roof of the jail, followed by another and another. The Whiteboys were shelling the jail, and already it was on fire.

"Let out the prisoners!" yelled a soldier outside the jail. "It is on fire in several places."

CHAPTER XIV.—The Work of the Shells.

Duncan Barton was the first sleeper in the jail that night to be aroused by the bursting of the shells, and he had only retired to rest an hour before. On the bursting of the second shell inside the gate, the detective was out in the yard, when he hastened to greet Major Melton.

"Major," he cried, "the Whiteboys are working the howitzers from the hill over the river, and be prepared for a dash on the jail here."

The dragoons and the yeomen were helpless under such a murderous discharge from their unseen foes, and flight in all directions was the result. Then out from the burning building rushed soldiers and jailers, with a few prisoners who had been confined on the upper tier. Colonel Baldwin followed soon after, and the treacherous man was in a furious state of mind.

"What's all this, Barton?" he cried, as he stared at the blazing building.

"Your howitzers are playing on us, colonel," was the calm reply, "and I am on the watch to see that our prisoners do not escape."

"Thunder and lightning, why don't Major Melton have at the guns and silence them?"

"Because they are on that hill over the river, and the bridge is too far off. Where are the prisoners, Curley?"

The hangman had just appeared at the door of the jail, and he was looking back.

"They're coming, sir," he answered. "Oh, merciful goodness, has the last day come? Come on here, and no tricks with me, Freney."

Another shell struck the gate, and the bursting fragments flew around on all sides. Sending forth a wild yell of terror, the huge hangman dashed to the side yard, flinging the detective aside in his terror, and Colonel Baldwin was hurled to the ground. Out rushed Freney with his hands behind him, and the detective made a dash at the old fellow.

"You can't slope that way, Freney," he cried, as he grabbed at the late prisoner. "Look out for the little prisoner, Major Melton."

"Look out for yourself, you ungrateful hound!" cried Freney, as he dealt the detective a terrible blow in the face with the handcuffs; "and we're not on the gallows yet."

Then away after the hangman dashed the old prisoner, with the little hero after him, while an-

hangman darted up a ladder placed against the wall at the back of the jail yard, and he was soon over on the other side. Freney and the little hero followed after. The murderous shells kept playing on the doomed building, and on the grounds around it. Out from the barracks dashed two hundred dragoons, to gallop away to the bridge, and to charge upon the hill where the howitzers stood. Two persons watched the work of the shells from a wood to the right of the jail, and a little behind them stood six horses ready saddled for the road, with two peasants holding the animals.

"Oh, dear me," groaned one of the observers, "it is terrible to see the destruction of life and property, but it cannot be helped. Will they never come, so that we can send up the rockets?"

"There they come now, Miss Lucy," answered the other, who was Poll Heffernan, "and we'll send up the rockets. See! There's the big hangman, and the two others; and there come two more."

"Thank goodness, the cruel work is over for the night, and I pray they'll escape now."

"They will—they will! Let us up with the rockets at once."

Major Melton drew off from the burning jail with some of the dragoons, and they all watched the gate for the prisoners. Then out staggered Colonel Baldwin, followed by the detective.

"The rascals have escaped, I fear," growled the latter, pressing his hand to his head, "and Freney has left his mark on me."

At that moment Little Robert Emmet and his friends were darting into the wood, where Lucy Farron and Poll Heffernan received them. Then up from the edge of the wood went three green rockets, and the howitzers on the hill ceased firing. Out from the wood and down to the river-side dashed six riders, one of them crying:

"Hurrah, boys and girls, and we are better than gallows birds yet."

Into the river dashed the fearless riders, while a wild cheer arose from the hill on the other side, and down from the wood galloped Major Melton and his dragoons. As the dragoons drew near the river a land serpent was heard from the other side, and then over the water swept a shell, to strike right in front of Major Melton.

"Back to the side!" cried the officer, as he swerved to the right. "The infernal shells are doing the work of the fiends to-night!"

CHAPTER XV.—The Bold Dragoons.

For three days after the rescue of the prisoners and the burning of the jail, English troops poured into the rebel county from all sides. Yet they could not strike Captain Rock and his Whiteboys. Colonel Baldwin had his son removed to the hall, where two hundred yeomen kept guard, and the youth improved hourly in mind and body. Lucy Farron watched over her old playmate, and Poll Heffernan was the young lady's constant companion throughout.

The unscrupulous magistrate objected to the tavern keeper's daughter, but Lucy insisted on

being her own mistress in such matters. It was said that Tom Heffernan was buried by the Whiteboys on the night after his death, and the tavern was closed thereafter. Colonel Baldwin met with two severe losses on the night of the shelling of the jail. Curley the Cat disappeared, and it was supposed that the huge hangman had perished in the ruins. The important package taken from Lucy disappeared also, as the unscrupulous man could not find it in his breast pocket after escaping from the burning building.

Lucy Farron was still angry with her guardian for his treacherous act that night, and she declared to herself that she would have no more to do with him when she became of age. As the days passed away, rumors floated around to the effect that Captain Rock was hard at work against the English landlords in the next county. Many of the troops concentrated in the barrack town were then sent away to the threatened district, but Colonel Baldwin still maintained his full force of yeomen at the hall.

That tyrant was determined to hold the place and the great estate throughout. The shadows of the night were again stealing over the mountains as a force of over two hundred dragoons marched along the highway toward the barrack town. Colonel Baldwin was sitting on the balcony with Major Melton as the dragoons approached. The two officers hastened down the broad walk, when they found the dragoons drawn up in front of the lodge gate, with the officer in command dismounted.

"Who resides here, gentlemen?" asked the strange officer, as he saluted the colonel and the major.

A courteous answer was given, the Whiteboys of the mountains were spoken about, and the bold dragoons were invited to billet for the night at the hall.

"We have plenty of rations for man and horse," cried Colonel Baldwin, "and we may give you a chance to slash at the rebels ere morning."

The invitation was readily accepted, and the bold dragoons marched into the premises. The officer in command of the strangers was an old veteran with a full gray beard, who had just returned from India with his regiment.

"We only landed in Cork two nights since," he said, "and here we are sent at once to have a slap at the Whiteboys of Tipperary."

"And you will have a slap at them soon, I pray," answered Colonel Baldwin, "when I hope you will be able to seize and hang Captain Rock."

Colonel Baldwin entertained the regular officers in splendid style, while the dragoons soon made themselves at home also. In the meantime, the yeomen scouts reported that the Whiteboys on the mountains were moving away toward the town. The precautions were then relaxed somewhat, and the officers and the men commenced to have a frolicsome night of it. The dragoons appeared to be silent fellows at first, but they soon thawed out, under the influence of good whisky. Then it was discovered that they were mostly Irishmen from Galway. Midnight was approaching when a horseman rode along the road from the mountain with a prisoner in front of him.

"Who comes there?" cried a yeoman sentry, who was posted out on the road.

"A friend, of course," was the response. "Don't you know my voice, Bill Jackson?"

"Curley the Cat, by all that's wonderful!" cried the yeoman.

The big hangman rode up to the hall with his prisoner, when a shout from the yeomen outside announced their arrival. Colonel Baldwin hastened out on hearing the cries of his men.

"What's all this?" he cried.

"'Tis me, sir!" cried Curley, as he dismounted, "and I bring you a nice present."

"Curley alive!"

"To be sure, colonel, and kicking at that. Do you know this little chap?"

The big hangman dragged his prisoner into the hallway, and Colonel Baldwin stared at the latter.

"Little Robert Emmet!" the old tyrant exclaimed, with an ugly imprecation. "By thunder, but this is fortunate. Where have you been, Curley, and how did you catch this little scoundrel? Drag him in here."

The hangman stated that he had been captured by the Whiteboys on the night of the burning of the jail, after he had dashed after old Freeney and Robert Emmet, while they were escaping from the burning building.

The cunning rascal told a very plausible story throughout, giving a graphic description of his escape from the stronghold on the mountains and his capture of the little hero. Colonel Baldwin glared at his little enemy with vengeful eyes, when he turned to explain the position of the prisoner to the regular officers present.

"And now," he continued, "I swore to lash this little scoundrel, and I'll keep my oath. Then we'll hang him in the morning."

Two yeomen seized the prisoner, whose arms were bound behind him. Preparations were soon made for the dreadful punishment, Colonel Baldwin denouncing the prisoner in fierce tones. Little Robert Emmet did not reply to the denunciations, but he made one or two appeals to the officers present. Just as his coat was dragged off, Lucy Farron ran into the apartment, followed by Charles Baldwin and Poll Heffernan.

"Oh, Colonel Baldwin," cried Lucy, as she knelt before the tyrant, "I beg of you to spare the young gentleman. Put him to death, if you will, but do not lash him again."

"I have sworn to give him a hundred, and I will keep my oath," was the brutal response.

"Then I will keep my oath also," cried Little Robert Emmet, "and I will show you little mercy, you brutal tyrant."

While thus speaking, Little Robert Emmet burst away from those who held him, and his arms were free. Then, drawing a pistol, he fired up at the ceiling, crying:

"Captain Rock, I call on you to set me free and to punish the tyrant."

A fearful commotion then arose throughout the building and outside. The chief officer of the dragoons sprang to his feet and pointed a pistol at Colonel Baldwin, as he yelled aloud:

"Bold dragoons, do your duty! Colonel Baldwin, inhuman tyrant that you are, you are my prisoner."

The startled tyrant stared at the old officer in intense amazement, while the commotion increased on every side.

"What means this, sir?" cried the startled man,

as he saw the detective and Major Melton seized by the dragoons.

"It means," cried the old officer, "that the Whiteboys of Tipperary have taken Baldwin Hall, and that I am Captain Rock!"

CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

When the commotion was over Little Robert Emmet confronted the wretch who had been thus baffled.

"Colonel Baldwin," commenced the little hero, in calm but ominous tones, "I have just received information from Dublin, and the law has decided in my favor."

"The estate was left to my son!" cried the stubborn prisoner.

"Your son!" cried Robert Emmet, in thrilling tones. "Cheat, swindler, robber, murderer, you have no son!"

The prisoner turned pale and trembled, while Robert Emmet continued:

"Friends and enemies, listen to me. This estate was left to the oldest member of a certain family who would survive on a certain day, and that day has gone by. If Colonel Baldwin's wife had a son, that son would be the heir."

"And he stands there!" cried the prisoner, pointing at Charles.

"Liar!" cried Robert Emmet. "Your wife never had a son, as was proved in Dublin. Heffernan is alive, and he is here now, after returning from giving his evidence in court."

And into the room walked the former tavern-keeper. The confounded magistrate stared at the newcomer and grew paler still.

"Betrayed on all sides!" he groaned.

"Yes, miserable wretch!" cried Little Robert Emmet, "you are baffled on all sides. This young man, as you know, is the son of a soldier who served under you in Spain. You treated him like a dog in his youth, and he has no love for you now."

"And I was the only witness to the fraud," said Heffernan. "I swore to keep the secret, and I kept it until the villain tried to take my life."

"Baffled on every side, indeed!" groaned the miserable prisoner. "Still, young traitor, you can't hold the estate, as you are a Whiteboy and a rebel."

"I signed over my claim on the estate the day I landed in Ireland," replied Robert Emmet, "and the claimant will be here soon to take possession."

Then he continued:

"Captain Baldwin, you sentenced me, without a form of trial, to the lash and to the rope. You are in my power now, and I have sworn vengeance on you. You will receive a hundred lashes on the instant. and——"

"What," roared the prisoner. "Do you dare to inflict such an insult on me?"

"You did not spare me, sir, and am I not as pure of blood as you are? What do you say, Whiteboys of Tipperary?"

"Lash the tyrant!" was the cry that arose on every side.

"I'm ready to ply the cat," cried Curley, as he flourished the lash, "and I don't think I ever laid it on to a greater villain."

"In mercy," pleaded the baffled wretch, "put me to death, but don't lash me."

"How much mercy did you show me, or any of your victims?" answered Robert Emmet. "Retire, young lady, as he must suffer."

Lucy and the young folks retired to a distant part of the house, and Curley hastened to ply the lash on his victim. We will not dwell on the scene, but who can deny that the brutal wretch deserved all he received? When the punishment was over the bleeding tyrant was placed on a bed and his cuts were dressed by the hangman. Freney then turned to the detective with a grim smile.

"I suppose, my Jackeen," said the old fellow, "that you expect a dose also?"

"I do not," was the firm reply.

"And why?"

"Because I know you are too much of a man to take revenge in that way."

"True for you, as I know that you were only trying to do your duty in capturing me. Well, you'll give up the hunt now, I suppose?"

"I will; but if I am spared I will never return to Dublin again."

The detective was released, but he was never seen in Dublin again. The yeomen and Major Melton were released in the morning, when Captain Rock and all the Whiteboys retired to the mountains, taking the hangman with them. Little Robert Emmet disappeared also. Early in the morning the Dublin lawyer appeared to take possession of the estate. Officers of the law also appeared to arrest Colonel Baldwin on the charge of conspiracy and attempted murder. The miserable wretch was tried in the city, and he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

Lucy Farron befriended the youth known as Charles Baldwin, and she took Heffernan and his daughter under her protection also. About a year after, when the young lady became of age, a party of friends left "Sweet Dublin Bay" on a packet ship bound for New York City. When that party landed on the dock at New York, Little Robert Emmet was there to receive them. About a year after Lucy landed in America a double marriage took place in a church in a village near Albany. Little Robert Emmet led Lucy Farron to the altar, and Poll Heffernan became the wife of the youth known as Charles Baldwin, the old tavernkeeper being a witness. And so was bold Freney. Captain Rock flourished in different parts of the South of Ireland for several years after, and he was always successful in his attacks on the yeomen and the tyrant landlords. The huge hangman became a Whiteboy, but he fell in the first fight. It was never discovered who Captain Rock really was, and several persons were seized and punished for him. Yet he really lived to a good old age, and he died here in America.

Next week's issue will contain "KIT CARSON'S KIT; or, THE YOUNG ARMY SCOUT."

CURRENT NEWS

MURAT SWORD IS STOLEN.

Historical relics to the value of £45,000 have been carried off by thieves at night from the Bologne City Museum.

The stolen treasure includes a massive gold-handled sword inlaid with cameos which Napoleon I gave to Marshal Joachim Murat, also a massive gold and mother-of-Pearl scabbard and girdle presented to Murat by the City of Paris.

BEAR CHASES BOY IN JERSEY.

A black bear attacked John Belcher, 17 years old, near his home at Vernon Township, Sussex, N. J., March 20. The boy was walking on the railroad tracks near here when he saw the bear about fifty feet away.

He said he threw stones at the animal, and struck it over the paws with a stick when he chased him. He ran to a farmhouse, he said, but when he returned with help the bear had disappeared.

BURNS PHOTO WORTH \$5,000.

Stephen Nemeth, a clerk in Budapest, Hungary, in sore straits, appealed to his brother George, who is in Chicago.

Months later there came from George a large photograph, which Stephen in anger threw in the fire. The next day there came this letter:

"My Dear Stephen—If you will carefully divide in two the photo I sent you yesterday you will find a \$5,000 bill concealed between the two sheets. Your loving brother, George."

CONVICT PAYS DEBTS.

By making cedar chests in recreation hours at the penitentiary in Richmond, Va., Sidna Allen, serving a thirty-year sentence for taking part with the Allen band in shooting up the court at Hillsville, Carroll County, Va., eight years ago, has made sufficient money to pay off every debt owed by him.

A wagon company in Winston-Salem offered to release him from a debt as a Christmas gift to his family, but the offer was declined and the debt paid in full, with interest.

Allen wrote that this was the last dollar that he owed in the world, and that nothing could satisfy him so much as the knowledge that it has been paid.

BLIND BURGLAR CAUGHT.

The first blind burglar on record was captured the other day by Deputy Sheriff Charles Wenzell, of Huntington, N. Y., a finger print expert, when he tracked down George Hawxhurst, who has been blind from birth, and who confessed, according to Wenzell, that he had robbed the homes of William T. Lockwood and Matthew Curley, both of Huntington.

Wenzell was summoned when the burglaries were discovered, and during his investigation of the premises found a peculiarly shaped footprint on the sofa in the Lockwood home. With this clue, which pointed to the wearing of a specially made shoe by the person who committed the burg-

lary, Wenzell traced the owner. He then discovered that Hawxhurst, whose shoes made exactly the same sort of track as that upon the Lockwood sofa, was totally blind and had been so all his life.

Hawxhurst is said to have told the officers that he had no accomplice, but had guided himself solely by his senses of touch and hearing. A few bottles of grapejuice and an alarm clock are said to have comprised his loot.

READ THIS!

We have received the following letter, and publish it cheerfully, hoping it will do some good. Aside from the fact that the repeal of the war tax would be of immense financial benefit to manufacturers of sporting goods, we believe that a prohibitive price should be reduced so that all our readers could get athletic equipment as cheaply as possible. It is the brains, brawn and sinew of this country that have made us the leading race of the world's population, and athletic exercises have contributed to make our boys strong and healthy young citizens.

The Editor.
March 29, 1921.

To the Editors of Boys' Magazines:

One of the things that every boy is interested in is the repeal of the 10 per cent. war tax on sporting goods, and if every boy is interested in this every boys' magazine should be.

The boys know that they have to pay the tax if they wish to enjoy sports and we want to tell you that the war tax has seriously affected every boy's participation in sports. Remember that 70 per cent. of the sporting equipment sold in the United States goes to boys under the age of 18 years. The war tax was put on to take some money away from the professional baseball players. The tax missed fire. It never touched the professional baseball player; it went into the pockets of those whom the law makers never gave a thought about—the kids.

Now that the tax is on the only way to get it off is to show the Congressmen just how it affects young America. Can I count on you to get behind the movement and tell the boys just what they should do to have the tax repealed? They should write letters to their Congressmen and Senators telling them just how the war tax affects them individually and the other boys of their section. If you can get every boy who reads your magazine to write a letter to Washington, and the boy can get his father and some other friends to follow his example you know that quite a few letters will arrive in Washington on this proposition.

You know what use the army had for sporting equipment during the war. It was a necessity then. It is a necessity now if we want to keep our boys physically fit. What good are playgrounds if the boys do not have the proper equipment to use in the playground. When I tell you that chewing gum is taxed at 3 per cent. and jewelry at 5 per cent. you know that some one slipped something over. Won't you help us take off the tax?

Peter P. Carney.

The Young Mail Carrier

—OR—

The Dangers Of The Postal Road

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Harvey West was on his face and did not move when the boy's cry rang out, and the latter at once came to the conclusion that his parent was either dead or in an unconscious condition.

"Dead or alive, I must get him out of that," muttered Tom, "but how can the thing be done?"

As we have said, the cliff made an almost sheer descent for twenty feet from the road. Tom glanced at his saddle, and in a moment was at the side of his gallant black stallion and the rope was in his hands. He made one end fast to the pommel of the saddle, tested the girth and clinched it up another hole to make sure that it would stand an extra strain, and then spoke to his horse as though the latter had been a human being.

"Black Dick," he said, patting the glossy neck of the beautiful creature and then kissing him on his velvety nose, "dad is down there at the bottom of that drop and we've got to get him up. I want you to stand as firm as a rock while I lower myself down the face of the cliff, and when I get there I'm going to make the end of this lasso fast to my waist, pick dad up in my arms and call on you to pull, and when I do that I want you to walk away as slowly as though you were trailing a mountain lion. Go slow, old boy, or may it kill the two of us before we get to the top."

Black Dick had been captured when he was a mere colt by Harvey West, who turned him over to Tom to care for, break and train. The boy and the horse had been inseparable companions for three years, and that there was a positive affection between them nobody doubted, and more than one admirer of the black stallion asserted that he understood every word that his young owner said.

On the present occasion he rubbed his nose against Tom with an intelligent expression in his black eyes, and with perfect confidence in the assistance that he would receive from the horse the boy let himself carefully down the face of the cliff.

Holding the loose end of the lasso in his hand, the boy ran to his father the instant his feet touched the ground. He seized him by the shoulders and turned him over on his back, and as he did so the unconscious man uttered a groan and opened his eyes.

"Dad," cried the boy, pained to note the dazed expression in the eyes of his father, "don't you know me?"

The familiar voice aroused Harvey West's sluggish faculties and he tried to raise himself up from the ground, but fell back at once with a deep groan.

"Tom," he faintly said, "I'm afraid I'm done for."

"Don't say that, dad," mournfully said the boy. "Where are you hurt?"

"I'm shot in the back, and my legs are paralyzed. They meant to kill me outright for they shot at the center of my back, but just at that minute I leaned forward to alter a buckle on the bridle and the ball plowed along my spine instead of going through me. I guess it's my finish, Tom."

"We'll see about that, dad. I don't suppose you can stand, can you?"

"No; there's no feeling in my legs."

"I'm going to get you home," said Tom, "and then I'm going to get a doctor from Silver City, and when that bullet comes out you may be all right in a few days."

Harvey West was tall and broad, a heavy man, but his eighteen-year-old son was nearly as tall and broad as the father, and after he had fastened the lasso firmly around his waist he picked the wounded man up from the ground with perfect ease, and as gently as a mother would lift a sleeping child.

Advancing to the foot of the almost sheer cliff, he placed his feet against it, bent his body back, and softly called to Black Dick to pull.

"Gid-ap. Easy, boy," he said. "Slow and easy. Gid-ap, there!"

CHAPTER II.

The Boy Mail Carrier Encounters Danger on the Postal Road.

It was a beautiful sight to see Black Dick turn around at the word of command and slowly walk away from the edge of the cliff. He moved with a slow and stately step, as though aware that his young master and the wounded man might be injured by any abrupt movement that he might make.

The black stallion marched with the steadiness of a trained soldier, and Tom was enabled to move up the almost perpendicular face of the rock without difficulty, bearing the wounded man without shock or jar.

He reached the level and at once called "Whoa!" to the horse, who stopped at the sound of his voice. Tom laid his father down on the ground very lightly and then unfastened the lasso from around his own waist. He looked as far up and down the road as the curves in it would permit, but saw no sight of human beings on either hand, and concluded that the transportation of his injured parent to his home must depend upon himself.

The Wests lived about four miles away from the spot where Tom now stood, in a little hamlet called Oil Springs, and the problem that confronted the boy was to get his father there with as little pain as possible. He made a pillow of the mail pouches for his father's head, and then crossed the road and cut some young and tender branches from trees that grew there.

With the lasso he fixed these firmly on the back of the horse, placed his father on the leafy couch and bound him to it. Then he took the bridle in his hand and prepared to start for home.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

BOILED EGG PUZZLE SOLVED.

The mystery of several hard boiled eggs in every crate received by commission merchants in Wilmington, Del., from certain sections of Sussex County has been solved. After many customers complained about the hen that "laid boiled eggs" the merchants investigated.

Farmers in that section who raise expensive varieties of chickens do not wish their neighbors to benefit by getting the eggs and having them hatched. To prevent this before the eggs are sold they are dipped in boiling water.

RATS EAT PAPER MONEY.

Government officials who directed that an arsenious compound be used in the printing of Hungarian currency aimed a knock-out blow at the rat which has cultivated a taste for paper money. Peasants in the commune of Soroksar, near Budapest have found the money a first-class poison.

Repeated seizures of bank deposits recently had aroused the suspicions of the peasants and they began hoarding their money in their cellars in preference to intrusting it to banks. The money seems to have attracted hordes of migrant gray rats, and it is claimed currency having a face value of 150,000,000 kronen was destroyed.

Many rats giving rich promise of futures full of depredation died from the effects of the coloring matter in the money, however, and the rats are alleged to have taken alarm and to have left the village in a body.

WOULD BE "DR. CRUSOE" NOW.

Juan Fernandez Island, 450 miles west of Valparaiso, widely regarded as the spot around which the story of Robinson Crusoe was written, is to be turned into a health resort, according to present plans of the Chilean Government.

The island is thirteen miles long and four miles wide. Vegetation is abundant. Many kinds of fruits thrive there and the sea in the vicinity swarms with a species of codfish and quantities of seals, according to a recent visitor.

The actual original of Defoe's story of Crusoe was said to have been Alexander Selkirk, one of a crew of buccaneers, who quarreled with his skipper and was marooned at his own request on Juan Fernandez, where he spent four lonely years. The grotto where Selkirk is supposed to have lived with his man Friday still is to be seen. A British warship visited the island in 1868 and members of the crew erected a tablet in memory of Selkirk.

Some years ago the Chilean Government attempted to colonize the island and gave free passage to emigrants, but the scheme was a failure and the island now has only 200 inhabitants.

QUAINT OLD CUSTOMS OF SOMOA.

A new code of laws based on American statutes has developed in American Samoa from the disturbances of last year which culminated in the

suicide of the Governor, Commander Warren J. Terhune.

The revised laws drawn by Captain Waldo Evans, the new Governor, and Judge A. M. Noble and submitted to the native chiefs, mark an interesting change from the early laws providing for the Samoans.

When in 1900 the first Secretary of Native Affairs, Judge Gurr, asked the native rulers of the Samoan villages to submit laws to him for recommendation to the first Governor he received from various villages a copy of the Ten Commandments of the Bible. This accompanied with the suggestion that penalties for their violation should consist of a fine in the shape of a hog and a barrel of beef.

These recommendations were not adopted in whole, for such penalties would have resulted in every offense paying the way for a feast in the village. This, officials decided, would prove too much of a temptation for the natives.

It is the custom of the Samoans, and was then, that when any offense is complained of, and the offender not known, for the native pastor or native magistrate to compel each person in the village to declare his or her innocence by oath on the Bible.

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- 65 QUICKER THAN THE EYE, by Ralph Cummins.
- 66 THE CLUE IN THE DARK ROOM, by Hamilton Craigie.
- 67 THE TONGUE OF OSIRIS, by Marc Edmund Jones.
- 68 DETECTIVE WADE'S BIG CASE, by Ethel Rosemon.
- 69 THE SPIRIT BELL, by Charles Fulton Oursler.
- 70 THE HOUSE BEHIND THE WALL, by Julian Darrow.
- 71 THE ADMIRAL'S SPOONS, by William Hamilton Osborne.
- 72 THE CANINE CLUE, by Thos. J. Lally.
- 73 THE PSYCHIC ENEMY, by Arthur Wm. Andreen.
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- 75 ON THE WRONG TRAIL, by Ethel Rosemon.
- 76 THE SPIRIT WITNESS, by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 77 THE LITTLE WHITE ROOM, by Marc Edmund Jones.
- 78 THE STOLEN YEAR, by Edmund Elliot.
- 79 THE AFFAIR AT HOLLYWOOD HOUSE, by William H. Kofoed.
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HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 166 W. 23d St., N. Y.

THE WRECK AFLOAT

By COL. RALPH FENTON.

I had often before run the whole coast from Newfoundland to Key West, and was on my last cruise in that part that we fell in with the Haunted Wreck.

I was first mate then of the "Vesta," a brig out of Boston, and trading with South American ports, and it was upon our return trip that we took as passenger a gentleman, who came on board at Vera Cruz.

He was a tall, dark-faced man of forty-five, with black, restless eyes and a nervous manner.

Never speaking unless spoken to, he was not a jolly companion; but being always polite, and minding his own business, we had no complaint to make against him.

He passed most of the time upon deck, sleeping little, and seemingly ate to keep off hunger, and not as though he enjoyed it.

When he was on deck he was always gazing out over the waters in every quarter, until the crew nicknamed him Captain Lookout.

One bright moonlight night we were gliding slowly along under a three-knot breeze, when Mr. Vincent, for so the stranger was registered on the brig's books, cried out:

"Wreck ahoy!"

I had before set him down as a little off in the upper story, and I felt convinced of it, as sweeping the horizon with my glass, I could nowhere discover an object upon the moonlit waters.

"Wreck ahoy, sir!" he called again.

"Mr. Vincent, had you not better go down into the cabin and have a game of chess with the captain?" I asked.

"No, sir: I play no games, nor have I heart for pleasure while her fate is unknown. There, sir, do you not see that wreck?"

He pointed dead-ahead, and to my surprise I discovered a large hulk in our path, and then I knew that his keen eyes had seen it even before the lookout at the masthead.

"I do see a wreck, sir, and——"

"Wreck ho!"

The cry came from aloft, and instantly every seaman on the brig was on his feet, and gazing earnestly across the waters, their minds filled with dread.

"At last, at last! Oh, sir, the wind is dying away; but you will send boats aboard?" and he turned to me with a piteous appeal in his face, and with hands clasped together.

"We are heading for the wreck, Mr. Vincent, and if there are persons on board the captain will do all he can for them," I answered, gazing at the man in surprise at his excitement, for he was trembling like one with the ague.

"What do you make her out, Thompson?" I asked of the man aloft, and after a moment his answer came:

"It's the Haunted Wreck, sir; I saw her once before."

Involuntarily the helmsman changed the course of the brig, bringing her up several points, but I sternly ordered him to head on as before, and, to

my astonishment, he deserted the wheel, as he replied:

"I never disobeyed an order in my life before, sir, and I'm an old man; but I'll not steer for yonder phantom wreck."

"Why, Bolton, are you crazy?" I asked, spring to the wheel myself.

"No, sir, not crazy; I'm a true seaman, and I don't want to run aboard any spirit craft such as yonder is," returned the old sailor earnestly, yet with politeness, while Mr. Vincent cried:

"Oh, Mr. Carter, you will board the wreck, won't you?"

I was in a quandary, for the crew were coming aft, and I called down the hatch for the captain to come on deck, and pointing out the wreck to him, told him what had occurred.

At once he ordered the man Bolton back to the wheel, and the crew forward; but not a man moved.

Then the boatswain, coming forward, was their spokesman, and firmly refused for all hands to work the vessel, unless her course was changed to avoid the wreck.

The captain appealed to them in the name of the people in distress on board the wreck; but it was no use; they were firm, and, furthermore, said the brig should not approach any nearer the haunted hulk.

All this time Mr. Vincent stood in silence, but eagerly looking on, and hearing the decision of the crew, turned to the captain.

"Do you intend to let your crew bully you, sir?" he asked sternly.

"There is no better crew afloat, sir; not a man has incurred my displeasure on the whole voyage, and knowing the superstitious views of seamen, I shall yield them the point in this," was the reply of the captain.

Mr. Vincent made no reply, but entered the cabin just as the brig's course was changed to avoid the wreck, now less than a league away, and rising and falling upon the waves.

A moment after our strange passenger appeared on deck, devoid of his hat, coat and boots, and before a hand could check him, sprang overboard into the sea.

So sudden was his act that for a moment all were dazed, and it was some moments before the brig was hove to and an order given to lower a boat.

In doing this we lost sight of the strange man, and I began an extended search for him, rowing off and on about where I supposed him to be.

After fifteen minutes' fruitless search, I was about to give up, thinking that he was drowned and had intentionally committed suicide, when, sweeping the waters with my glass, in the moon's wake I suddenly caught sight of a dark object.

A glance showed me that it was a man's head and shoulders, and that he was swimming boldly and rapidly toward the wreck.

At once I gave chase, and when I overhauled him he was within half a mile of the wreck, for he had swum as I believe no man could swim.

It was only by threats that I could force the two seamen at the oars to go after him, as they dreaded the wreck so, but at last they did so, and we overtook the gallant swimmer.

"Here, Mr. Vincent, you must get into the boat with me," I said firmly.

"Never, sir, never!" he cried, and he went out of sight.

We watched closely for him and after a minute he arose seventy feet away, and nearer the wreck.

At once we rowed after him, to see him again disappear; and thus it went on, until when he dived, I ordered the men to row rapidly toward where we expected he would come up.

I was right, for he came out of the water within ten feet of us, but disappeared upon seeing us.

"We will drown him at this rate, sir; better let him go on to the wreck," said one of the men.

"No, I will not leave him to his fate," I said firmly.

"You don't mean you will go yonder, sir?" asked one of the oarsmen quickly.

"I do mean it, and if you refuse to go, I shall take you back to the brig and go alone."

"You are wrong, sir, for that ain't a true craft."

"True or phantom, haunted or not, I follow yonder man, if I have to jump overboard and swim after him," was my answer.

"Bob, there ain't but one time to die, let's back the mate and go," said the starboard oarsman, and after a moment's hesitation the other replied:

"I'll go, but it's hard to ask it of us."

Without another word the two men pulled on after the swimmer, but so slowly that he really gained on us, and I feared each moment their courage would give out.

As we drew near the wreck I noticed that it was a large hull, without a single mast, and that its bulwarks were battered in, and looking, I saw, almost to my horror, I frankly admit, a white form, a human being suddenly appear upon the quarter-deck.

I did not make my discovery known to the oarsmen for I knew they would pull right back to the brig, but with my eyes riveted upon the form I held on.

Suddenly a wild cry came from the waters ahead, and it was echoed by a shriek from the wreck, and the oars dropped from the nerveless hands of the men; but I cried out that the poor man was drowning, and they seized them again and pulled to his aid, though one said:

"I thought I heard an answering cry from the wreck."

With wonderful speed Mr. Vincent now urged himself through the waters, and when we were yet sixty yards from him he reached the wreck, drew himself up over the bow, and I saw him disappear.

"Men, he has boarded her; the wreck is real," I said, and so, reassured, they pulled on and in a few seconds more we were alongside and I clambered over the shattered bulwarks.

Never will I forget the scene I then witnessed, for the strange passenger sat upon the deck, and in his arms, unconscious, lay a woman's form clad in white.

"Oh, sir, help me to restore her, for she has fainted," he cried, pitifully and the two men having now come on board we did all we could and, the eyes of the maiden, for she was only eighteen, and very beautiful, opened and gazed around her.

"Saved! thank Heaven, and by you, my father," she murmured.

Yes, and he then and there told us his story. He was a rich planter, and was on a voyage of pleasure with his only child when in a storm the vessel had been dismasted and cast upon her beam-ends, and every effort to right her had been unavailing.

The crew and passengers had taken to the boats, and in the confusion Mr. Vincent had been told that his daughter was in the captain's gig; but when the boats got away, and the wreck was lost sight of, her absence was discovered.

In vain did the distracted father offer large sums if they would return to the wreck. He was told that it had gone down, and thus he was taken away, and the party in the boats were rescued some days later.

The maiden had really been placed in the captain's gig by her father, who then aided others; but she had returned on board after her jewel-box, saying she would go in another boat with her parent, but she had fallen down the companion-way, and was stunned by striking her head, and was thus left on board; yet, strange to say, a huge wave had righted the hull once more and when she returned to consciousness she saw that there was no danger of the wreck sinking, and hoped for rescue soon, though she was almost in despair at her lonely lot.

With plenty of provisions on board she fared well; but day after day passed and no rescue came.

Thus the months passed away, until she felt that she would go mad were she not upheld by the hope of rescue, and over the seas she drifted in her stanch old wreck, while her father, bowed down with grief, was wont to sail from port to port, passing again and again over the treacherous waters that had taken from him his child.

We returned to the brig, which took the wreck in tow, and we got a snug sum in salvage-money, and the two oarsmen and myself received handsome presents from Mr Vincent and Miss Cora, the fair spirit of the wreck afloat.

FINDS SON IN PRISON CHORUS.

Lemuel Gary, district superintendent of a large life insurance company in Columbus, Ohio, sat in a meeting of underwriters listening to a male chorus composed of convicts from the Ohio Penitentiary sing. In the prison uniform was a young man named William Gary. Friends of the insurance man began commenting on the likeness of his name with that of the convict's. They called the convict down from the stage.

There was an instant recognition by the insurance man of a son, by the convict of a father. Rising to his feet, the father introduced the convict to the audience, saying he had not seen his son for fourteen years.

As a closing number, Young Gary, with his arm linked in that of his father's, sang "Dear Old Daddy," and there was not a dry eye in the audience. "This is the happiest day of my life," said the father.

Young Gary, sentenced from Cleveland for motor car theft, will be released from prison.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

KING'S CLOCKS KEPT FAST.

All the clocks at the country home of King George are kept thirty minutes fast. The reason for this is unknown. It is surmised that it has something to do with daylight saving when King Edward was alive.

MASTODON AND GLYPTODON BONES

Discovery of the skeleton of a mastodon near Charleston, Ariz., thirty-five miles west of Besbee., was reported the other day by members of a surveying party. The discovery is the second of its kind made within the last two weeks, the first mastodon skeleton having been found about ten miles from Charleston. A party headed by Dr. Gidley, of the Smithsonian Institution, engaged in uncovering the first skeleton found also the remains of a glyptodon.

BEAR HUNT STOPS SERVICE.

The trapping and slaying of a black bear weighing 288 pounds broke up a service in a church nearby, at Henry, on the Western Maryland Railroad, south of Piedmont, W. Va.

The bear had been carrying off pigs, calves and sheep, and Arnold Stahl set a trap. En route to the church with friends, Stahl stopped to look at the trap and found a bear standing in it. The animal was a whopper. Revolver shots only infuriated bruin, who became frenzied and would probably have attacked the party had not a rifle been procured. Several well directed shots ended the bear.

In the meantime several hundred persons who had assembled for the church service were attracted to the scene.

THE COLORADO LAUNCHED.

The United States battleship Colorado, sister ship to the Maryland and one of the super-dreadnoughts authorized in 1916, was launched March 22 at the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation at Camden, N. J.

The vessel is the largest ship of war ever built on the Delaware River and after she had been swung across stream by the tugs which picked her up after she took the water she seemed to

extend a third of the way across the river. She was christened by Mrs. Ruth Nicholson Melville, a daughter of Senator Samuel D. Nicholson, of Colorado. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who stood beside Mrs. Melville, made a speech at a luncheon following the launching, in which he warned those present that the country was facing a critical period and that it is unwise to listen to the sincere pacifists and sincere fools who are against a big navy.

The Colorado is the second of eleven super-dreadnoughts authorized in 1916. Her sister, the Maryland, is nearing completion at Newport News and will be commissioned this year. Three other ships of the same class are also under construction.

When she is fully armed the Colorado will have a main battery of four turrets, with two 16-inch guns to each turret. She and the Maryland will be the first American ships to carry 16-inch guns, but the six great craft yet to be built will be armed with 18-inch pieces.

The Colorado will have a secondary battery of fourteen 5-inch rifles, four 3-inch anti-aircraft guns and two torpedo tubes. She is 624 feet long and will be driven by four electric drive turbines, constructed to develop 28,900 horsepower. She will carry a crew of sixty-five officers, 1,345 enlisted men and seventy-five marines.

LAUGHS

Teacher—Can you tell me what a dromedary is, Tommy? Tommy—Yes, ma'am; a dromedary is a two-masted camel.

"Don't you take your meals at Swellfant's restaurant any more?" "No; he's a four flusher. He makes you pay chafing-dish prices for frying-pan grub."

Ailce (age five)—Mamma my appetite says it's time for dinner. Mother—Well, dear, go and see what the clock says. Alice (some seconds later)—The clock says my appetite is ten minutes fast!

Unsophisticated Cook—If you please, mum, the butcher says I shall get five per cent. on all the orders I give him. What does that mean. Mistress—It means, Mary, that we shall have a new butcher.

"Miss Biggs is interested in you, pa." "How so?" "Why, to-day, after she told me seven times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what sort of a father I had."

"Some scientists," began Mr. Gay, significantly, "consider kissing dangerous. Do you?" "Well," replied Miss Smart, "I think it would be for you. My big brother is within call."

Hostler—I let Mr. Jones take the gray cob on trial, sir. Liveryman—Huh! That's the last we'll see of Jones. Hostler—Oh, I know Mr. Jones very well, sir. Liveryman—Yes, and I know that gray cob very well, sir!

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

SOLD GIRL CHILD FOR FOOD.

The sale of thirteen-year-old Laura Hull by her parents to Yenal Zepila, a thirty-year-old Mexican, was revealed at Tulsa, Okla., when welfare workers filed perjury charges against the man. The payment was in food. Laura's parents, living on an abandoned farm, were nearing starvation with two other minor children, according to welfare workers, when Zepila proposed marriage to the child in return for supporting the family. The parents consented.

Authorities say Zepila gave the girl's age as eighteen when obtaining the marriage license. The perjury charge was based on the alleged misstatement of age. An annulment of the marriage is also asked.

FROGS IN NEW YORK SUBWAY.

Fifty women tried to climb through the windows of a southbound Broadway express train at Times Square the other day at 5 o'clock when 1,500 frogs burst through a huge paper bag and began a hopping contest that caused instant elevation of silk clad ankles and a chorus of feminine shrieks. Just as some of the women were making for open windows the doors were opened and a wild rush for the platform followed.

Angelo Capaccuti and Cleofonte Sorrentino, who said they lived at 54 Jane street, Manhattan, were responsible for the near panic. The two boys are frog hunters, they told the station guards. They went to the big swamp at Van Cortlandt Park with nets and captured by actual count 1,500 green frogs with spotted backs, the sort considered most edible by connoisseurs. When the hunt began they had a sack to hold the frogs, but this developed a hole, through which the captives escaped, so Capaccuti bought a big paper bag that was soon filled to capacity.

ANIMALS WITH FOUR HORNS.

It is nothing out of the ordinary to see an animal without horns, so they excite little curiosity in this respect. Likewise, two horns get little more notice, while the single horn of the Indian rhinoceros is well enough known to distinguish that animal from the two-horned African species. But when mention is made of a four or six-horned creature, everybody immediately becomes suspicious and asks what the joke is. Nevertheless, there are such animals found in certain parts of Asia.

Principal among these is the four-horned chouka, a small antelope of India, its name being derived from the native word chouk, meaning a leap. Its front pair of horns are short and placed just above the eyes, while the larger ones are in the usual position higher on the head. The length of the upper horns is about three or four inches, though the lower ones rarely exceed one inch and no special use for them has ever been discovered by naturalists. The chouka is a beautiful little creature with its bright bay back contrasted with the gray-white of the under part, beneath which are the lithe legs that enable it to make the high bounds for which it is noted. An adult chouka rarely exceeds twenty inches in height at the shoulders.

In their wild state all sheep were furnished with a pair of horns, but the number never exceeded two until some curious specimens were discovered in several isolated sections of Asia. These species had from four to six horns, the upper set being the largest, the other two being graduated with the smallest ones just above the eyes. Curiously enough, the two lower sets always curve upward, while the large pair curl downward, as do the horns of our domesticated sheep.

ABOUT THE MIDDIES.

Two midshipmen at Annapolis are allowed for each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress, two for the District of Columbia, ten each from the United States at large, and fifteen each year from the enlisted personnel of the navy who have been one year in the service. The appointments for Congressional representatives are so distributed that as soon as practicable each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress may appoint one midshipman during each Congress; the appointments from the District of Columbia and the ten each year at large are made by the President of the United States, while the fifteen each year from the enlisted personnel of the navy are made by the Secretary of the Navy after a competitive examination. The course for midshipmen is four years at the Academy, when the succeeding appointment is made, and the examination for graduation takes place. Midshipmen who have passed this examination are appointed to fill vacancies in the lower grade of the line of the navy, in the order of merit as determined by the Academic Board of the Naval Academy. By the act of June 29, 1906, as soon as possible after June 1 of each year the Secretary of the Navy notifies in writing each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress of any vacancy that shall exist at the Academy because of the graduation, to come, of the midshipmen of the succeeding year, which vacancy he shall be entitled to fill by nomination of a candidate and one or more alternates therefor. Candidates at the time of their examination must be physically sound, well formed, and of robust constitution; no one manifestly under size for his age will be received at the Academy, the required height being no less than five feet two inches for candidates between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years, and not less than five feet four inches for candidates between the ages of eighteen and twenty years. The minimum weight at sixteen years is 100 pounds, with an increase of five pounds for each additional year or fraction of a year over one-half. Any marked deviation in the relative height and weight to the age of a candidate will add materially to the consideration of rejection. Candidates at the time of their examination must be between the ages of sixteen and twenty years, and unmarried. The pay of a midshipman in the Naval Academy is \$600, beginning at the date of his admission. All questions as to details of preparation, scholastic requirements, times, places and subjects of entrance examinations should be addressed direct to the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

LIGHTNING BOLT KILLS CHILD.

Dorothy Pisholk, 5 years old, was instantly killed in her home near Rothschild, Wis., when a lightning bolt struck her on the head and passed through her body. The bench upon which she sat was destroyed. Her parents in the same room were injured.

PAINTERS LOCKED IN BANK 5 HOURS.

Two painters at work in the Dollar Savings Bank at One Hundred and Forty-seventh street and Third avenue, the Bronx, New York, were imprisoned in the building for more than five hours. They were locked in when the bank was closed.

For hours they pounded on the door, trying to attract attention. Finally they were heard by Patroleman Mulcahey, of the Alexander avenue station. After proving they were not burglars they were released.

SAVED DOG.

A dog's life is not such a hard life after all.

Czar, a terrier pup, was a candidate for the dog catcher's pound because his master, Peter Holki, a Russian, has been out of work for several weeks, and therefore could not buy Czar the license.

So a card inscribed "Please help pay for my license" was attached to a can fastened about the dog's neck.

The terrier sat near the Rock Island Depot, Topeka, Kans., for two hours the other day. And his life was saved.

BOBCATS IN NEVADA.

Bobcats are numerous in the vicinity of Galena, Nev. Two of these big cats gave the Nelson family at the Dahl Ranch anxiety. One walked to the back door and leaped upon the watch dog chained there. Driven away, it renewed the attack and was shot and killed. It was thought that this cat was rabid and the head was sent to the Pasteur Institute in Reno. The next day another bobcat, presumably the mate of the one killed, walked along the road in front of the house. This one was shot and wounded. The dog pursued the cat into the brush and killed it.

MONEY IS ONLY GOOD TO GIVE AWAY.

There's one big-hearted man in Colorado. He is Harry Popst.

Popst startled court officials in Denver when he told them he didn't want money and that he gave it to needy persons as fast as he made it.

Popst, ragged and unkempt, was picked up half-starved by a policeman here. When brought into court as a vagrant he answered in reply to a question of what he did with his money:

"I came to Denver to have a good time. I had it by giving my money to those more needy than I. In the eyes of the law I'm a vagrant. In my own heart I am a gentleman, glad to enjoy God's blessings without craving for man's supreme creation—money."

"Discharged," said the judge.

POPULATION OF PARIS STILL UNDER 3,000,000.

According to estimates based on census figures taken at the beginning of the present month, the number of people in Paris is less than was believed. From the shortage of houses it had been deduced that the population had enormously increased during and since the war. Such, it appears, is not the case. In 1911 the total population within the walls was 2,888,110. According to the first count and estimate, this year's figures are still below the 3,000,000 mark. The house shortage, it is officially explained, is much more due to the taking over of private houses for business purposes than to an increase in the population. In the suburbs the increase in population is proportionally much greater than in the city itself, and the suburbs now have about 1,500,000 people.

FLORIDA COAST.

The Seminole Indians of Florida, under the leadership of their chief, Tony Tommy, are preparing to move to their new reservation on the Florida coast, forty miles from Fort Myers, which the United States has recently set aside in accordance with the agreements of the treaty with the Seminoles in 1858, says the Christian Science Monthly.

The reservation includes part of the Everglades, a vast region originally in the possession of the tribe. Approximately 21,000 acres have been fenced in and turned over for their occupancy. Although a part of the reservation is under water the arable portion is sufficient to support the Indians, since this flooded tropical jungle is proving wonderfully fertile after proper drainage.

The Everglades were formed, geologists believe, by the clogging of a large river which divided and became the Kissimmee and the Caloosahatchee. The waters of the branch known as Kissimmee flowed placidly along what is now the eastern shore of Lake Okeechobee. When the Kissimmee became clogged the water, which had formerly flowed on down the Caloosahatchee River into the Gulf of Mexico, spread out and covered the low, flat country, forming a wonderful lake, sixty miles long and from thirty to forty miles wide, and from two to four feet deep, except along the eastern shore, where the depth in some places reaches fifteen feet.

When the rainy season comes on and the banks of Lake Okeeshobee fail to hold the flood, it overflows, just as do the waters of the Nile, forming a vast miry area, known as the Everglades. The water finally finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico near what is known as the Ten Thousand Islands, and also into the Atlantic Ocean, near Fort Lauderdale and Miami. All these rich lands, the most fertile of any in the State of Florida, if not in the United States, belong, by right of treaty, to the Seminoles. The 21,000 acres which are allotted the Indians are a concession on the part of the Government to the rights so long denied them.

ALASKAN VOLCANIC FIRES

At the recent meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Robert F. Griggs described a fiery flood which occurred in Alaska, in the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes." Here he found traces of the flood of fire which, issuing from a fissure in the earth, swept a roaring torrent of molten sand through the fertile valley, devastating all in its path for a distance of more than fifteen miles. From thousands of fissures live steam, heated gas and smoke issued. One could do one's cooking in any of the smaller holes. And that was the only salvation of the expedition, for all fuel had been destroyed by the flood of fire. It is only a few steps from the steaming fissures to a cave in the side of a glacier in order to have the most perfect refrigeration in the world. The explorers' tents were steam-heated, as it were, and the bathing conditions were of the best for a stream from the glacier fed a crystal pure lake and in the middle of the lake a steam jet bubbled and it was possible to get any desired temperature.

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Mead Cycle Company
Dept. 1188 Chicago

Be Slender

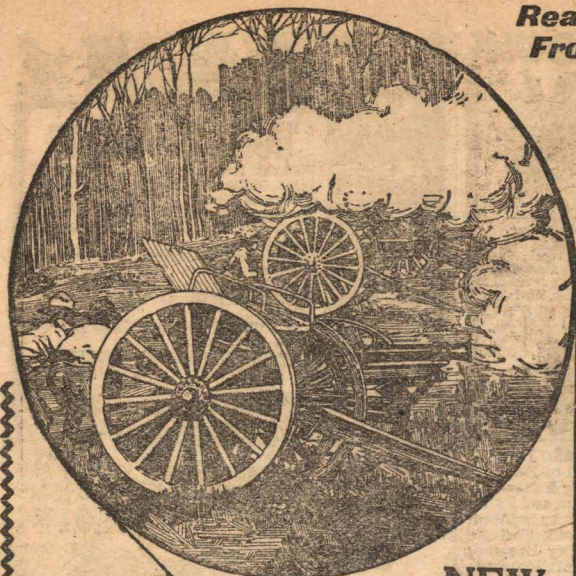
Want to become slender, agile, healthy? See the pictures; the shadows are to give you idea of size before reduction of weight. Eat all you need. Safe, reliable; no salts or calomel, no thyroid, no loss of time. Just use **KOREIN** tablets and follow the simple, easy directions as aid to reduce 10 to 60 pounds (whatever you need to) under money-refund guarantee. Amaze all. Become lighter, younger, attractive, add years to your life! Ask for **KOREIN** tablets (pronounced korean) at any drug store. Or write for **FREE BROCHURE** to Korein Company, NH-375, Sta. X, New York

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- One Magic Envelope. Any card, coin, or picture placed in this envelope changes into any other desired article, or vanishes altogether. — 10c
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- One package of Invisible Ink. Writing cannot be read until heated. — 10c
- Our Mystecodes. A booklet of secret writing systems. Keep your formulas, and private correspondence secret, write them in Mystecodes. — 10c
- 15 Curious Love Letters translated two ways. Nothing vulgar, but so rip-roaring funny, they make you laugh. They tickle your joy nerves. — 10c
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**A Real
Moving
Picture
Show in
Your Own Home**

NEW ELECTRIC MODEL

Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvellous Machine.

How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as "Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"—"Washington at Home"—"Battle of Lake Erie," etc. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 40-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$8.00. Send the \$8.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE this Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

50,000 of these machines have made 50,000 boys happy. Answer at once. Be the first in your town to get one.

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,

615 W. 43d Street, Dept. 142, New York

**PLEASE
USE
COUPON**

Read These Letters From Happy Boys:

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 54 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

Sold His for \$10.00 and Ordered Another

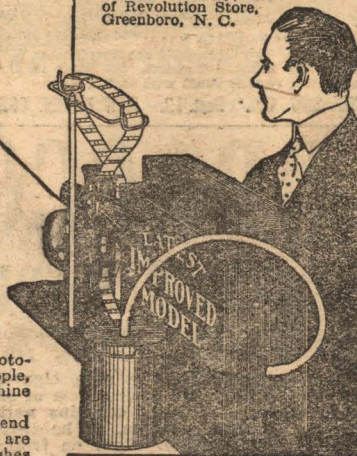
Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ehereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

Would Not Give Away for \$25.00

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for \$25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Bresky, Jeanesville, Pa. Box 34.

Better Than a \$12.00 Machine

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.



**SPEEDS
GREATEST
KNOWN, AND
SLOWEST**

The swiftest speed we know is that of light—186,000 miles a second; the slowest that of the human thumb-nail, which grows 2-1,000,000,000ths of a yard a second.

This from Science and Invention, which makes some more speed comparisons, as follows:

A cannon ball has been fired at a speed of 2,000 miles an hour.

A bamboo tree grows 27-10,000,000ths of a yard a second.

The earth speeds around the sun at 65,533 miles an hour.

A snail moves 15-10,000ths of a yard a second.

De Romanet flew an airplane on Nov. 4, 1920, 193 miles an hour.

An electric train in tests between Berlin and Zossen made 130 miles an hour.

Railroad engines have made 120 miles an hour.

Ice boats glide two miles a minute, or 120 miles an hour.

The motor boat Miss America has made 76.655 miles an hour.

Most destroyers make 48 miles an hour.

A man has skated 27 1/3 miles an hour, run 13 1/2 miles an hour, walked 9 1/4 miles an hour.

Free Coupon

Good for Moving Picture Offer

Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,

615 W. 43d St., Dept. 142, New York

U. S. REVENUE FROM SEALS

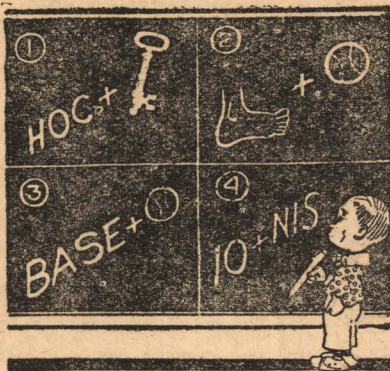
The United States Bureau of Fisheries during January certified to the disbursing clerk of the Department of Commerce as available for deposit in the United States Treasury, to be credited to the account of "Miscellaneous Receipts," the sums of \$827,471.13 and \$197,639.68, total \$1,024,886.81, representing the net proceeds of sales of Alaska fur-seals in 1920.

In addition to the foregoing amounts there was disbursed from the proceeds of sales of Alaska fur-seal skins in 1920 the sum of \$371,496.14; due and payable to the Governments of Great Britain and Japan, in equal moieties, as their share of the quantity and value of the skins sold under the terms of the Fur-Seal Convention of 1911.

During the ten years that have elapsed since the custody of the fur-seal and fox herds of the Pribilof Islands was lodged in the bureau the net receipts accruing from the sale of fur-seal skins and fox herds, including the last public auction on May 10, 1920, were as follows: Fur seals, \$3,978,051.31; foxes, \$331,888.35; total, \$4,309,939.66. These sums have been covered in to the United States Treasury.

Solve Game Puzzle, Win Culver Racer or \$200.00 in Cash

Only 145 "Points" Will Win



HOW TO SOLVE GAME PUZZLE

On the above blackboard you find that the little boy drew some letters and pictures. Look closely and you will see that they represent the names of four different games. In the first square you see "Hoc" and a picture of a "Key" which represents the game, "Hockey." Can you solve all four games? If you can you will receive 80 "Points" toward winning the Culver Racer. Only 145 "Points" will win the free Culver Racer (a real auto) or \$200 in cash.

All you need to do besides solving the puzzle is to prove that you have shown the WEEKLY RURAL AMERICAN to four different people. Samples are FREE. As soon as you have done this, your solution will be "Qualified" and you will be given 30 more "Points." Ten "Points" will be given for the best handwriting; 5 for spelling; 10 for neatness; 10 for the best style of all puzzle solutions received. These 35 "Points" will be awarded by three Judges who are in no way connected with this paper. The boy or girl gaining 145 "Points" will be the winner of the Culver Racer or \$200, second highest will win second prize, etc. Thirty-five prizes in all. In case of a tie, each winner will be awarded a prize the same as the one tied for. Only boys and girls under 16 years can win. This contest closes June 15, 1921. It is important that you send in your solution at once.

Others Won—You Can Win

Other boys and girls under 16 years have won Culver Racers, Ponies, Bicycles, etc. You may be the next winner. Solve the Game Puzzle and send in your solution right away. Write your solution on a sheet of paper with your name and address in the upper right-hand corner. Address your solution to

Children's Editor

WEEKLY RURAL AMERICAN
12 News Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

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Crushes Helpless Victims

Not only is tobacco filthy and disgusting to your loved ones, but it contains a Deadly Poison which weakens heart, stomach, lowers vitality and invites disease that may shorten your life. STOP! Regain vigor; but don't wreck your system by trying to quit unaided.

EASY TO QUIT

It makes no difference how long you have used tobacco whether you smoke cigarettes, pipe, cigars, chew or use snuff. Nix-O-Time Tobacco Remedy will free you from the craving quickly and for good. No further desire for tobacco. Guaranteed harmless. Has cured thousands of worst cases.

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